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APRIL 27, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 17

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

The spectacular landing of the space shuttle *Columbia* at Edwards Air Force Base in California was made possible by a rare combination of teamwork and planning. Those were also essential components in TIME's coverage of the historic mission. Last week, as the shuttle glided to a pinpoint touchdown on the dusty runway at Rogers Dry Lake, Los Angeles Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate and Correspondent Joseph Kane were on hand to record the breathtaking moment. With accommodations in short supply, the self-described "odd couple" rented a 29-ft. recreational vehicle that they parked just 100 yards from NASA's press center. Cate, who has covered ten Gemini and two Apollo space missions, was not surprised by the postponement of the shuttle lift-off. Says he: "NASA has hardly ever had an on-time launch of a new spacecraft. A glitch was sure to creep into the countdown —and it did."

MARK SENNET

Cate and Kane at Edwards Air Force Base

The earlier stages of the mission were covered by correspondents stationed at NASA command centers in Texas and Florida. Houston Bureau Chief Robert Wurmstedt interviewed NASA Staff Physician Sharon Tilton to learn about the astronauts' physical and emotional condition in space. He soon discovered that the only way to communicate with technicians was by taking a crash course in scientific shorthand. Says Wurmstedt: "The major impression made on any reporter covering a space shot for the first time is the apparent inability of scientists to explain anything in laymen's terms. Even the letter *F* can be a mystery. At NASA it stands for Fahrenheit, failure, female, forward and front." Washington Correspondent Jerry Hannifin was at the Kennedy Space Center to witness the shuttle's pyrotechnic lift-off a week ago Sunday. Hannifin, who covered the Gemini space program during the 1960s, was reminded once again of the high drama that always attends rocket launchings. Says he: "We are heading into space with all the capabilities to make it a living and working environment."

As events turned out, the Sunday launch presented TIME's staff with the most dramatic pictorial countdown the magazine has ever faced. Less than 24 hours after *Columbia's* blast-off, most copies of TIME featured an exclusive picture of the launch, the fastest color coverage in the magazine's history.

John a. Meyer

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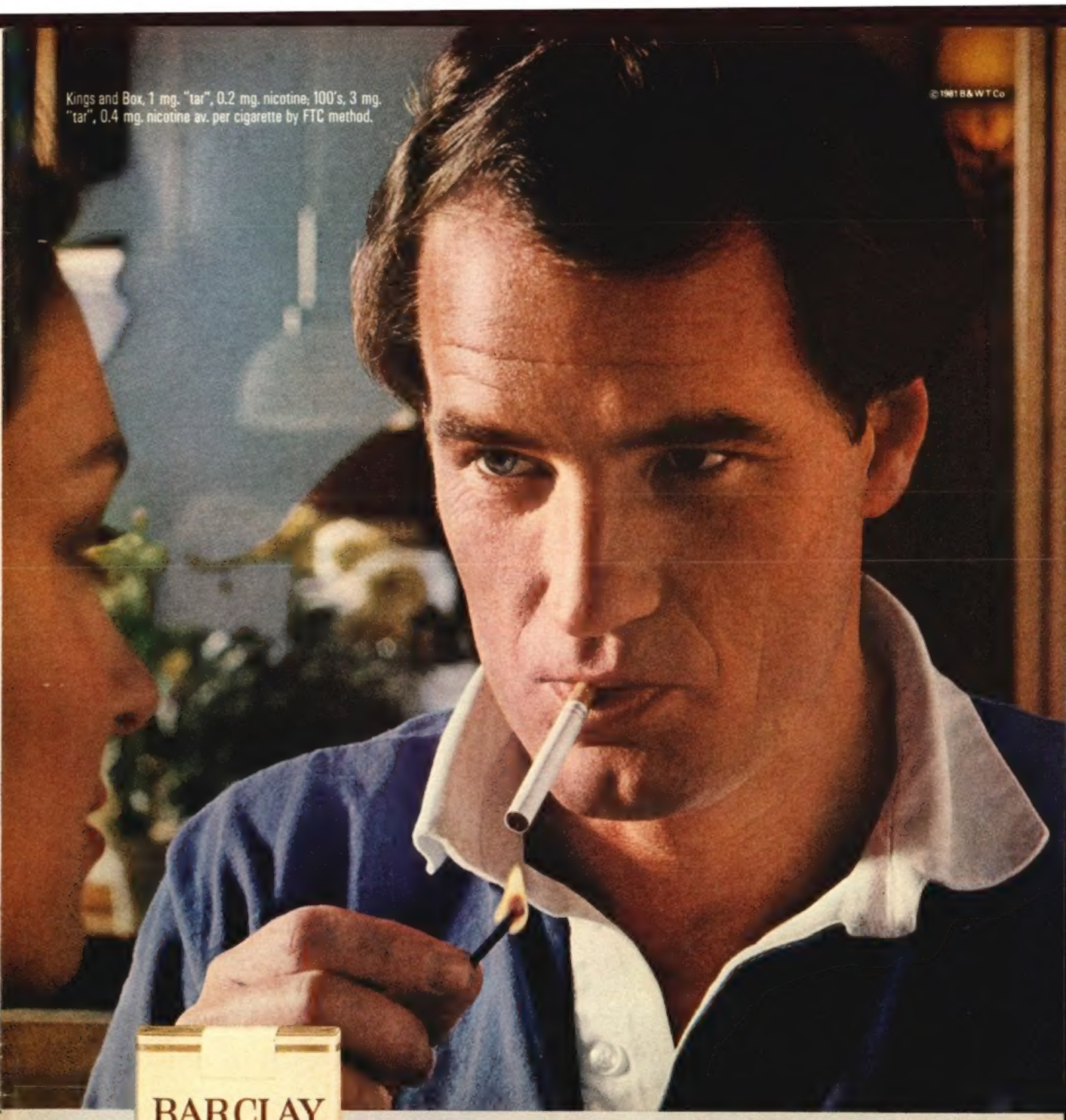

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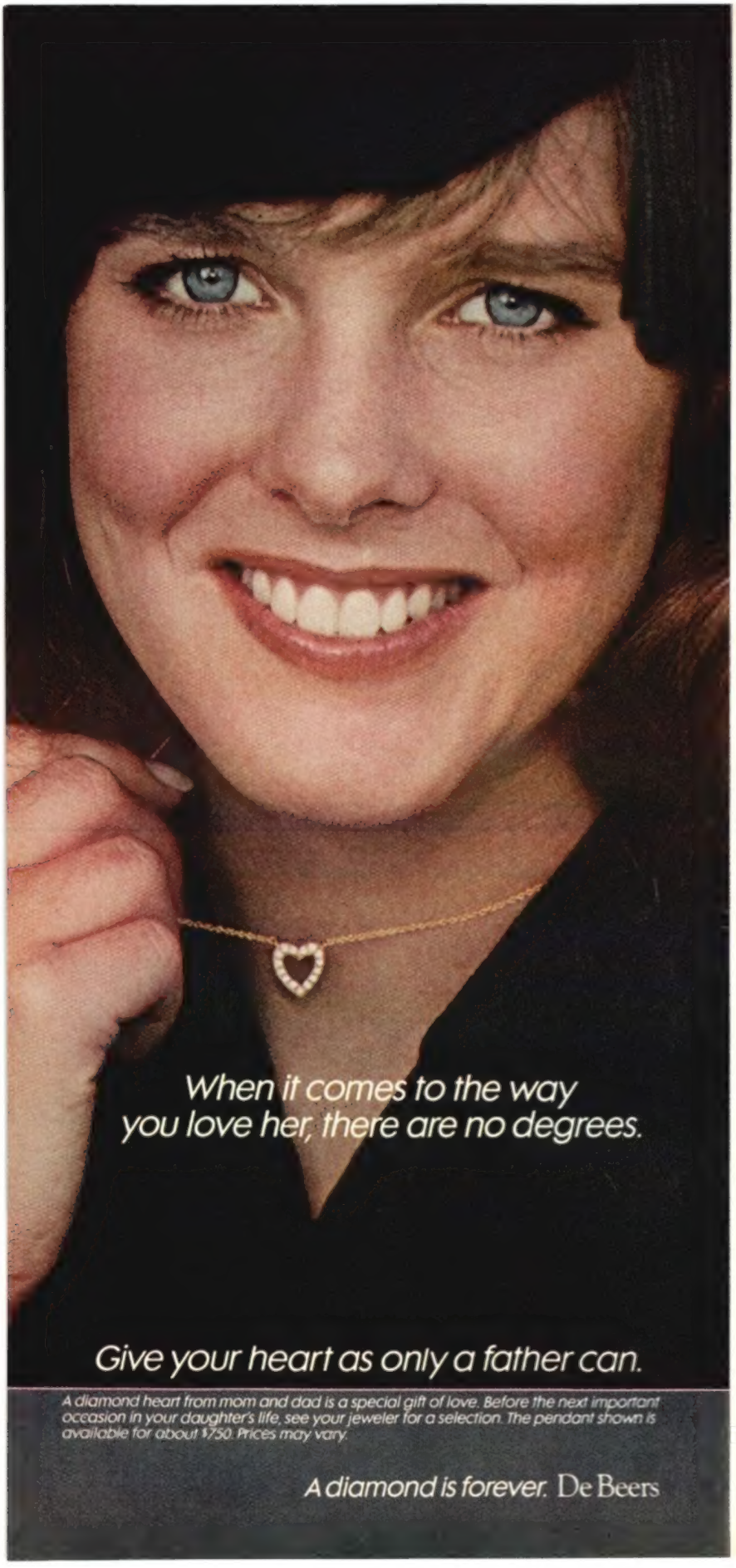

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Ted "Captain Outrageous" Turner

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Letters

Arguing Abortion

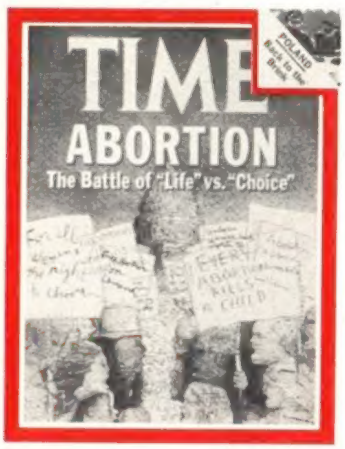
To the Editors:

Yes, a woman has the right to choose what happens to her body [April 6]. She makes that choice when she decides to have intercourse and when she does or does not use birth control. Pregnancy is the result of her choice.

Nancy Bohm
Germansville, Pa.

Given the choice, a large percentage of pro-choice advocates would never have an abortion. We simply want the freedom to make that choice.

Nancy J. Fredette
El Paso



Any pro-lifer who hasn't adopted at least one child more than he is financially or emotionally capable of caring for should keep his opinions to himself.

Al Rosie
Detroit

I was one of those unwanted babies. Fortunately, because abortions were not so readily available in the 1950s, I was allowed to live. I became part of a wonderful family that was thrilled to get a child. I cannot thank my natural mother enough for allowing me the gift of life and all its experiences.

Peggy Hage
St. Paul

Although it is often suggested, adoption isn't a solution. It's no problem finding homes for cute, cuddly, alert infants. But what about babies who are racially mixed, mentally retarded, emotionally disturbed, brain-damaged, or children too old to be wanted?

Janet L. Spellerberg
Columbus

Determining what life is and when it exists has been a subject philosophers and theologians have struggled with for centuries. I doubt that the Congress of the U.S. will come up with the answer. Consequently, it is regrettable that the pro-lifers are threatening opponents with political ruin. They would probably support Satan himself if he ran as a pro-lifer against a pro-choice candidate.

Donald G. Johnson, M.D.
Bar Mills, Me.

The right-to-life activists claim that they are working to strengthen the family. Does a 14-year-old child on welfare with an unwanted offspring constitute the kind of family they have in mind?

Margot Close
Keene, N.H.

Why should I, a taxpayer, help finance an abortion for an unmarried woman or an irresponsible married woman who chose to make herself susceptible to pregnancy? Should I be expected to help pay for their losing gambles?

Alice E. Glendening
Stuart, Fla.

Ideally, most people want to raise a child in a loving, comfortable home with both parents. The truth is that not all children are wanted and cared for, and the ultimate responsibility falls on the taxpayers.

Patty B. Hall
Pampa, Texas

The people who support a "Human Life Amendment" are anti-life. A young girl, whose future lies ahead of her, or a 40-year-old grandmother should not have to have her life destroyed because of rape or incest, nor should she be forbidden to do something about it.

Melissa R. Vance
South Hadley, Mass.

The arguments that people should have freedom of choice and that one person's morality should not be imposed upon another are the same as those once used to defend slavery. Now they are cited in the defense of abortion. The unborn have the right to life even in a pluralistic society.

Ronald Van Zomeren
Hollandale, Minn.

The antiabortionists equate the morality of slavery with the morality of abortion. Slaves were deserving of equal protection under the law because there was no question about whether they were alive. The fetus is not separate from its mother. It is not a life but a potential life.

Antiabortionists pose the question: What if Einstein's mother had had an abortion? I ask: What if Hitler's mother had had one?

Pamela Browne
New York City

Civilized nations have always given human life the benefit of the doubt. Even if proabortionists are not convinced by the overwhelming evidence showing life in the early stages of pregnancy, common decency demands favoring life.

Sidney A. Lange, S.J.
Tampa

Just what do the pro-lifers plan to do with all of those unwanted children after they are born? Cut off their food stamps and school lunches and let them starve? Or maybe they plan to force the father to accept some responsibility, even though he may be a 14-year-old boy or a "prominent citizen."

Fay M. Langston
San Angelo, Texas

I have counseled many women with unplanned pregnancies, both before and after the Supreme Court decision of 1973. I have presented all options available to them: adoption, foster care, single parenthood, marriage, and safe, legal abortion. Often women who claim they do not believe in abortion choose abortion. They rationalize their decision by saying that abortion is the best decision—just this one time.

Patricia A. Greenawald, R.N.
Harrisburg

Is the "spirit of a pluralistic society" so worthy of veneration that we must offer it human sacrifice?

Thomas J. Ahern Jr.
Chapel Hill, N.C.

It is not a question of whether one believes in abortion or not. As a registered nurse, I saw, when abortions were illegal, the mutilated bodies and corpses of women who in desperation were forced to resort to butchers. Abortion has always existed and will continue to exist. It is something that cannot be legislated.

Jan Doyle
Hollywood

Price of Success

Your article "How Japan Does It" [March 30] is insensitive to the Japanese system's effect on the individual. Although group orientation and consensus management have achieved great success, they have exacted a terrible price. A lifetime employment contract provides job security, but the worker must give up the freedom to choose what he wants to do. Even his family must take second place to the company. In Western eyes, this lack of consideration for one's own self is unnatural.

Kapkyung K. Seo
Honolulu

Masada *vs.* Jonestown

In the story "The Networks Get Religion" [April 6], Richard Corliss calls Eleazar Ben Yair of Masada an "honorable" Jim Jones. The bravery of the Jews who chose death over capture at Masada

As a matter of fact, she did. Tracy began tennis lessons with Vic Braden when she was two. But you needn't be rearing a future champion, or even be a very good player yourself, to enjoy TEACHING CHILDREN TENNIS THE VIC BRADEN WAY. Because Vic is not only "the world's number one tennis coach," as Jack Kramer calls him; he is a parent and licensed psychologist as well. And he's never forgotten the primary aim of tennis: having a good time.

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Letters

can never be compared with the paranoid fear of the "damned" at Guyana. People look to Masada for inspiration. Can Mr. Corliss say the same about the carnage that took place at Guyana?

Leon R. Ohana
Jamaica Estates, N.Y.

Badge of Courage

Your American Scene article about Colonel Robert Shaw and the black regiment serving in the Civil War [April 6] failed to mention Sergeant William H. Carney. Carney was a black soldier in Shaw's 54th Regiment. On the night the colonel was killed, when the color bearer also fell, Carney seized the Stars and Stripes and moved to the front of the attack. After the order to retreat was sounded, Sergeant Carney, wounded three times, struggled back to the Union lines on one knee, still holding the flag high.

For his heroism, Carney, who had been born a slave in Norfolk, became the first black to win the Congressional Medal of Honor.

Charles R. Coats
Louisville

Barefoot Boy with Cheek

Frank Trippett's Essay "The Young Adult" [April 6] must not go unchallenged. The youth of today have chosen not to be looked upon as a phase, as the heroic hypocrites of the '60s were. Changing the world will take more than going barefoot and carrying signs. The '60s generation gave up their cause and were absorbed into nothingness. Theirs is not a hard act to follow. It deserves not to be followed. We are smarter.

Leonard J. Artigliere
Easton, Pa.

Dumping Oranges

Rotting oranges in California [April 6] represent a criminal nutritional waste. In addition, unimaginative profiteers overlook the potential of ethanol from the fruit for vehicle and home-heating fuel.

Lawrence Libby
Wethersfield, Conn.

Your article "California's Rotting Shame" reminds me of the Depression days, when the Fruit Growers Association was dumping oranges into San Pedro Bay to keep up the price.

We who were unemployed and hungry dived into the waters to retrieve the fruit. Growers got wind of what was going on; they soaked the oranges with kerosene so that we could not eat them.

Charles L. La Rue
River Edge, N.J.

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In California: The Goose Lives!

Howard Hughes died batty and beset by phantoms, and all of us learned valuable lessons from his downfall: do not let your fingernails grow to excess, do not inherit too much money, do not fly too high. The man's decay was so pathetic and so gaudy that it is difficult now even for those with a good grip on middle age to remember that once he was a hero. A strange hero, certainly, but a real one; a test pilot of impressive courage and a gifted, self-taught aircraft designer at a time when aviation was the century's brightest adventure. In 1935 he set the world landplane speed record (352 m.p.h.) in an aircraft of his own design. Small boys wanted to be Howard Hughes, never mind the money and never mind Jane Russell.

Dwarfing its attendant tugs, Howard Hughes' gigantic plane is towed to a new home

The visitor knows this. Still, the Spruce Goose is a surprise. The mind is ready for a ponderous bad joke. The funny name suggests this. So does the knowledge that for more than three decades Hughes hid the enormous wooden flying boat, with its 320-ft. wingspan (it is the largest plane ever built), behind security so tight that some of his hangar maintenance men never got to see the aircraft. The big hangar itself, a cantilevered, air-conditioned marvel on Terminal Island at Long Beach, Calif., is being demolished now, sold off by what is left of Hughes' Summa Corp. The Goose, moved by tugboat last fall to a site a quarter mile away, has a temporary home in a circus tent. A reporter enters the tent prepared to see a dead whale on a flatcar.

The astonishing news is that the Goose lives. The observer's first impressions are not just of size, but of trimness, tightness and fine lines. This is no "flying lumberyard," as the plane was derisively called during World War II when it was under construction as the prototype for what was to be a fleet of airfreighters. The Goose is an airship, drydocked for the moment. The sum of the visitor's realizations comes to this: the plane could fly. Given a few weeks for testing and tuning up, it could still fly.

"We hot-oiled the engines every six months," says Systems Engineer Stan Soderberg, 55, who has spent his adult life caring for the big plane. A parachute rigger fresh out of the Navy, he signed on with Hughes at 21, in 1946. "We ran the controls every other week, hydraulics one week and electrical the next." Soderberg is a lean, intense fellow who wears an airman's jumpsuit. He saw the plane's only flight, on Nov. 2, 1947, when Hughes lifted it off the water of Long Beach Harbor and flew it at a height of 70 ft. for about a mile. Hughes had announced he would only undertake taxiing tests, but Soderberg says he knew that Hughes' preparations had been too elaborate for mere taxiing. "When I saw that flap come down at 15° I told a photographer next to me, 'You'd better get it,' and it took off as easy as any flying boat I've ever seen."

And now? Soderberg points up at the FAA registration number painted in huge characters on the wing. "There's no X there, for experimental. Hughes had it taken off. It's a registered airplane. It flies."

Workers in the tent are busy with wood, linen and airplane dope making a new flying tab—the movable vertical control surface—for the 49-ft.-high rudder. Not long ago, rain and wind invaded the tent and damaged the rudder, which seems to have been repaired once before, since it bears an inked notation saying that it was worked on in April 1954. A few months before that, Soderberg says, floodwaters surged across Terminal Island, and the Goose was knocked loose from its tiedowns, and the tail was damaged. The night of the flood, more than 25 years ago, says Soderberg, was the last time he saw Hughes.

The flying boat wasn't Hughes' idea in the beginning. Shipbuilder Henry J. Kaiser proposed to build a fleet of big planes in the early days of the war, when German submarines were sinking U.S. freighters in convoys headed for Britain. They were to be made of wood because aircraft aluminum was in short supply. Kaiser brought Hughes and the Government into the project, then eventually dropped out himself. Hughes' commitment to the plane was passionate. Even after the war ended he pushed on with construction, despite a nearly fatal crash in 1946 when he was at the controls of another aircraft, his XF-11 reconnaissance plane. The next year he told a Senate committee investigating his war contracts that he would leave the country if the Goose did not fly.

It did fly. But the coming of peace had made it obsolete, and it seemed appropriate that the plane designed to carry 700 soldiers or vast quantities of military gear, up to and including a 35-ton Sherman tank, had as its cargo hundreds of beach balls, installed on Hughes' orders for flotation. A few of them are still kicking around inside the great, hollow fuselage. The outside of the Goose is a beautiful white, though it was aluminum colored when it flew. The ribbing inside looks like metal, but it is in fact neither metal nor spruce but laminated birch stuck together with glue. Everything is enormously outsize. At their thickest point the interior of the wings is 11 ft. high. A big man can walk out easily inside the wings to inspect the eight 28-cylinder Pratt & Whitney engines, the largest radial engines ever built. For that matter, it is possible to crawl up inside the rudder structure for 20 ft. or so. There is no crack or corrosion anywhere. The plane could fly . . .

The Goose belongs at present to the Aero Club of Southern California, a nonprofit aviation group. Early next year it is scheduled for exhibition by the Wrather Corp., which also owns the *Queen Mary*, in a huge geodesic dome at Long Beach. That sounds fine, a dignified last berth for a plane too noble to break up for scrap. But here is what tickles the short hairs on the back of the neck: some time this summer, Wrather executives plan to taxi the Goose, under its own mighty power, to the dome site. The pilot in charge will have strict instructions, of course; threats and thunderations even; but who's to stop him —how could he stop himself—from revving up those monstrous old engines, easing back on the controls, and lifting the Goose off the water for one last flight into the sunset? —*By John Skow*

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–An Update–

Friday, April 24

10:00 PM / 9:00 PM
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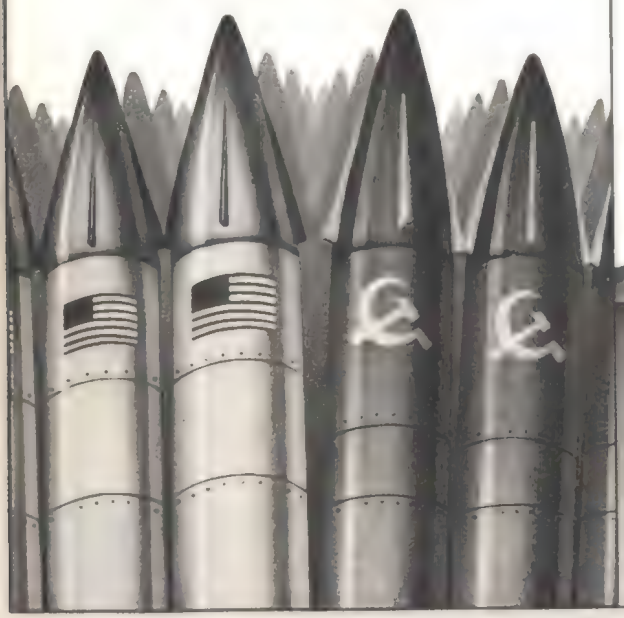

While the world's attention is focused on controlling the awesome destructive capability of the superpowers, less developed, more volatile countries are acquiring nuclear weapons that can threaten the world's survival just as seriously. Marshall Frady reports.

Near Armageddon:

The Spread of Nuclear Weapons in the Middle East

Monday, April 27

10:00 PM / 9:00 PM
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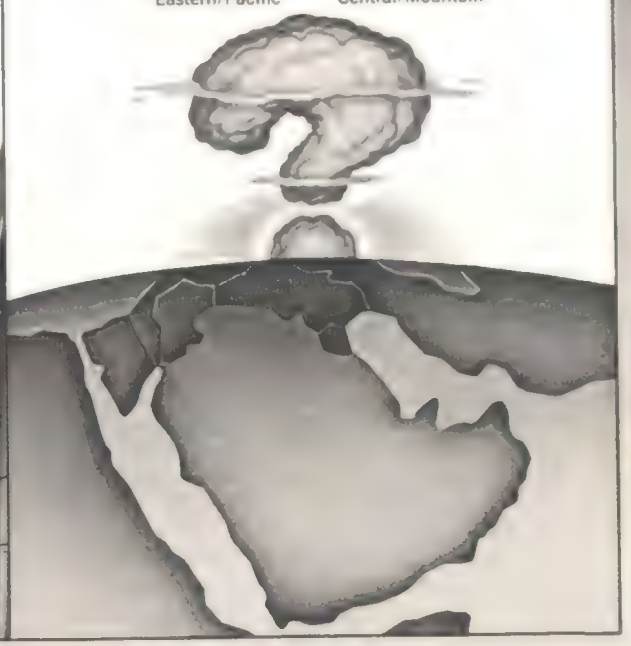

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COVER STORY

Touchdown, *Columbia!*

The shuttle is "right on the money" and gives the U.S. a mighty lift

Suddenly shouts rose from the hot, sunbaked desert floor in Southern California. There it was, high over the distant buttes, a tiny, gleaming dot in the pale blue sky, an apparition from space returning to earth.

Inside the cockpit, the 50-year-old commander, with glasses specially fitted into his helmet to correct the farsightedness of middle age, took over the controls for the final critical maneuvers. Expertly, the veteran pilot guided his craft through a long, easy turn. When he completed the maneuver, the ship was lined up perfectly with a runway marked in the ancient, arid bed of Rogers Dry Lake six miles away. "Right on the money, right on the money!" encouraged Mission Control.

Then John Young edged the "stick" forward, and his ship's porpoise-shaped nose dropped slightly. Plunging earthward, *Columbia* was falling at an angle about seven times steeper than a normal airliner's descent and was traveling half again as fast. Powerful as it had been on takeoff, the ship was now functioning as a 102-ton glider with no engine to correct its course.

At 1,800 ft. and 35 sec. from landing, Young pulled back the stick to check his dive. Only *Columbia's* stubby wings and slightly flared underbelly were giving it lift. But, to his delight, he found the craft far more aerodynamically buoyant than expected. Nineteen seconds before landing, he dropped his wheels.

"Gear down," reported a chase jet, buzzing alongside and counting off the altitude: "50 feet . . . 40 . . . 5—4—3—2—1 – Touchdown!" As its rear wheels made contact, the flight director in far-off Houston told his tense crew: "Prepare for ex-

hilaration." Nine seconds later, the nose wheels were down too. *Columbia* settled softly onto the lake bed. Young had floated the shuttle along 3,000 ft. beyond the planned landing spot, able to use its surprising lift to make a notably smooth touchdown. As it rolled to a stop through the shimmering desert air, *The Star-Spangled Banner* rattled forth from hundreds of portable radios tuned to a local station. From Mission Control in Houston's Johnson Space Center came an exuberant "Welcome home, *Columbia*. Beautiful Beautiful."

So it was: simple and flawless, almost as if it had been performed countless times before. Yet the picture-perfect landing on California's Mojave Desert last week all but obscured the historic nature of those last, breathtaking moments of *Columbia's* 54½-hr. odyssey. Gone were the great parachutes and swinging capsules of earlier space missions, splashing into the sea, never to travel into space again. For the first time, a man-made machine had returned from the heavens like an ordinary airplane—in fact, far more smoothly than many a commercial jet. So long delayed, so widely criticized, *Columbia's* flight should finally put to rest any doubts that there will one day be regular commuter runs into the cosmos

Young and Crippen after the mission

Really not far from going to the stars.

In the astonishing complexity of the craft's design, in its peerless performance, certainly in the cool performance of its astronauts—possessors of what Tom Wolfe calls "the right stuff"—*Columbia* was a much needed reaffirmation of U.S. technological prowess. It came at a moment when many Americans, and much of the world as well, were questioning that very capability. The doubts grew out of a succession of U.S. setbacks: from the defeat in Viet Nam to the downed rescue helicopters in the Iranian desert, from the debacle of Three Mile Island to Detroit's apparent defenselessness against the onslaught of Japanese cars. The flaming power of *Columbia's* rockets seemed to lift Americans out of their collective sense

Seconds after the landing, the space shuttle and its tiny chase plane shimmer in the desert heat

Houston control monitoring end of flight; (below) *Columbia* gets a postorbit checkup

of futility and gloom. At last they had a few things to cheer: an extraordinary spacecraft—the most daring flying machine ever built—and two brave and skilled men at its helm. As President Reagan told the astronauts, "Through you, we feel as giants once again."

Jubilant giants, at that. "The shuttle will become the DC-3 of space," exulted veteran Astronaut Deke Slayton, boss of orbital flight-test crews, referring to the sturdy Douglas aircraft that opened new routes for commercial aviation in the mid-1930s. *Columbia's* maiden space voyage brought to mind the first flight of Orville and Wilbur Wright at Kitty Hawk, Lindbergh's lone-eagle crossing of the Atlantic, even the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in 1869, which would turn a land of remote frontiers into a nation. Princeton's prophet of space colonization, Physicist Gerard O'Neill, saw the flight as a first step toward establishing mining facilities on the moon. Still others spoke of the shuttle's potential role in scientific research, in space manufacturing, in the eventual tapping of solar energy in orbit, in controlling the new "high ground" of space against Soviet incursion.

From the instant of *Columbia's* touchdown, a moment watched by tens of millions of television viewers in the U.S. and perhaps hundreds of millions more round the world, Americans seemed to go into orbit themselves. "Terrific!" shouted Dennis O'Connell, a truck driver from Queens, N.Y., as he paused in a Manhattan pub to watch the landing. "It shows everybody we're still No. 1." Mrs. Alicia Hoerter, a Louisville grandmother, could barely contain her excitement or her puns. "*Columbia*, the gem of a notion!" she exulted. "First, it's a rocket, then it's a spaceship, then it's a plane." In a packed Georgia Tech ballroom, great whoops of joy went up when John Young, class of '52, put *Columbia* down on the desert floor, and a band struck up "I'm a ramblin' wreck from Georgia Tech."

Not since the first landing of men on the moon had the nation shown such enthusiastic interest in space. Teachers interrupted classes so youngsters could see the landing. Work in offices and factories virtually ceased. Hearing that *Columbia* was about to touch down, a fitter in a Manhattan men's shop dashed off to the nearest TV set, leaving a customer standing before a mirror all pinned up in an unfinished suit. The Atlanta *Constitution's* resident cartoonist, Baldy, showed a beaming Uncle Sam emerging out of the shuttle with his arms raised high like a victorious boxer's. Though some editorial writers expressed discomfort about the shuttle's military role, others dismissed such fears. Commented the Chicago *Tribune:* "It appears we will get into a space arms race whether we like it or not ... So fly aloft, *Columbia!;* deliver your laser guns and satellite busters and spy eyes. Build your battlestars. May the Force be with us."

All but forgotten amid America's sudden love affair with the shuttle were its $9.9 billion price tag (at a 30% cost overrun), all those loose tiles, the exploding engines, even the last-minute computer failure, to say nothing of the inevitable jokes about America's "space lemon" and "flying brickyard." Could past scorn actually have increased the passion of this new embrace? The shuttle had become a kind of technological *Rocky*, the bum who perseveres to the end, the underdog who finally wins. *Columbia's* success, explained Milwaukee Sociologist Wayne Youngquist, "ties in with so many of our cultural themes. It's Horatio Alger. It's *The Little Engine That Could.*"

Perhaps. But the infatuation also had a boisterous, abrasive, decidedly chauvinistic tone. Out in the desert, many among the nearly one-quarter of a million people who had gathered to welcome the shuttle home sported T shirts emblazoned EAT YOUR HEARTS OUT, RUSSIANS. In a New York bar, after watching the landing, a patron boasted: "The French and the Brits can't do anything like that. Neither can the Russkis."

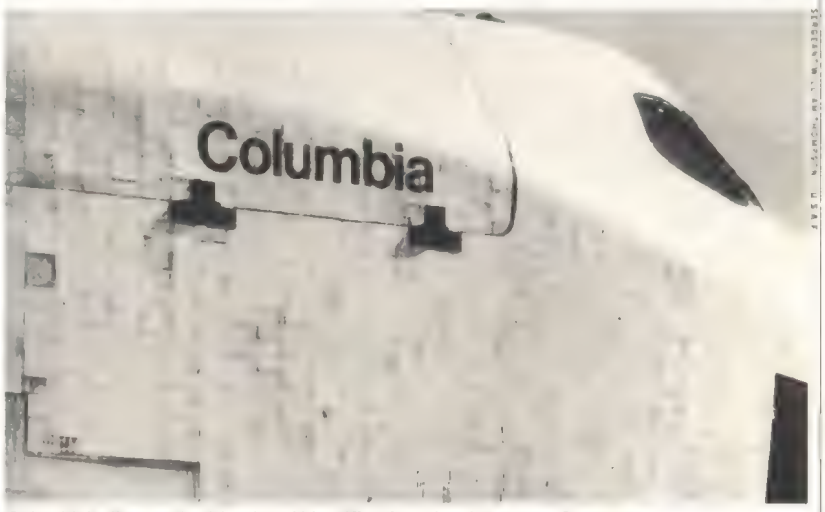
The French and the British, not to mention the Germans and Japanese, were not about to disagree. In London, the mass-circulation dailies exploded in a chorus of adulation. FANTASTIC! exclaimed the *Daily Mail*. WOW! trumpeted Rupert Murdoch's *Sun*. Most Britons, rather than showing concern over the shuttle's military potential, seemed to welcome it. Said the London *Times:* "The conquest of space is both a necessary expression of man's drive to explore and understand his environment and a military requirement if the West is not to be dominated by Soviet activity in space."

The West Germans had special reason to celebrate. They are the prime builders of Europe's main contribution to the shuttle program: the Spacelab, a self-contained scientific compartment for up to four experimenters scheduled to be carried aloft in 1983. Said one official: "Success for America means a breakthrough for us too and signals the entry of Western Europe into aerospace." The French, who are building a conventional rocket launcher called Ariane, which could draw away some of the shuttle's business, were no less effusive. Said *Le Figaro:* "After their political and military failures of recent years, our friends [the Americans] needed a big technological success. And they've got one." The French public wanted to share that success. During the very hour of *Columbia's* homecoming, France's government-run television was to air a required, equal-time political broadcast for the April 26 presidential balloting. But viewers protested so vociferously that only twelve minutes before touchdown, France's election commission scrubbed the broadcast with the candidates' belated assent, and the French got to see *le shuttle's* return. "Reason," intoned *Le Figaro*, "triumphed at the last moment."

For Japanese televiewers, the landing occurred in the early hours before dawn, local time. But in a country that both admires and competes with American technology, some 2 million households tuned in for the event. In his message of congratulations to the U.S., Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki said of the shuttle: "It is the crystallization of your nation's highly developed technologies and scientific achievements and symbolizes the beginning of an 'American renewal.'"

The Soviets, again, complained that the shuttle is mainly a military vehicle. But they did show 30 seconds of the landing on televison. Chinese Communist newspapers, though fascinated by the idea of products labeled "made in space," excoriated both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. for casting a "shadow of war" over space.

Parked on the desert, *Columbia* had a decidedly unwarlike look. It survived its journey in remarkably fine style. A dozen or so of its 31,000 heat-shielding tiles had come unstuck during the thunderous ascent. But during its glowing, 2,700° F plunge through the atmosphere, a maneuver that has been likened to riding inside a meteor, not one was lost from the craft's underbelly. Only a few tiles were gouged and chipped, apparently by pebbles and other desert debris kicked up by the wheels after touchdown. After an initial going-over at Edwards Air Force Base, the shuttle will be placed atop a modified Boeing 747 for a slow, two-day piggyback return to Cape Canaveral, where the ship will be refitted for a second launch, probably in September. The astronauts will be Joe Engle, 48, and Richard Truly, 43, this mission's back-up crew.



***Columbia's* tiles, each with printed identification, showing scars of re-entry**

Like riding inside a meteor, a glowing plunge through the atmosphere.

They can hardly outdo Young, who has now made five space flights, including a moon landing, and his rookie pilot, Bob Crippen, 43. Though their lift-off was delayed two days because of that computer failure, once they settled into the cockpit for the second try, everything went, well, like a rocket. Barely 45 min. off the launch pad, *Columbia* was circling the earth at an altitude of 150 miles. Before the end of the day it reached 170 miles. Meanwhile, two vessels steamed out to recover the 80-ton shells of two spent solid-fuel rockets that had parachuted into the Atlantic. When a nosey Soviet "trawler" edged into the site, the Coast Guard vessel *Steadfast* had to warn it off, then actually block its path, before the Russians backed off. The steel rocket frames were burned and bent a bit, but can probably be overhauled and refilled for another shot.

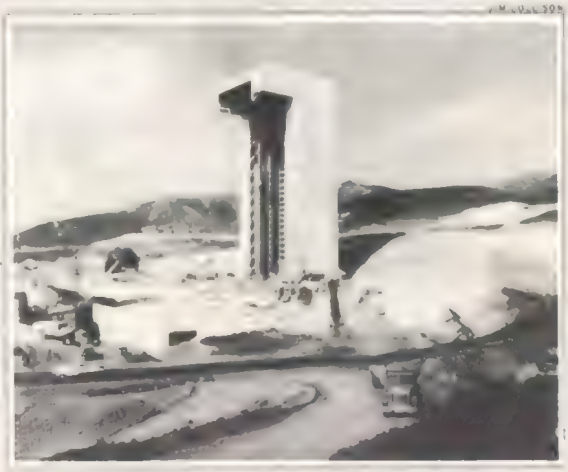
As always, there was in-flight banter between the astronauts and the Houston

Battlestar *Columbia*?

Forget *Star Wars*, with future shuttles zapping each other with lasers and death rays. Those are far, far off, and may never be feasible. But in the wake of *Columbia's* triumph, no one at the Pentagon—or the Kremlin—is minimizing the shuttle's military importance. Even *Columbia's* commander, John Young, a former Navy test pilot, could not resist plugging the space shuttle's military possibilities. Said he, at a homecoming in Houston last week: "I think the American public is going to get their money's worth out of this baby. It will allow us to do in the '80s and '90s things we must do for defense."

The Pentagon hopes to replace the Titan, Titan-Centaur and Atlas-Centaur boosters that have long been used to hurl military payloads like the Big Bird spy satellite into orbit. Such rockets are strictly one-shot throwaways, costly to use (up to $75 million a launch) and not entirely foolproof (5% of the launches have failed). For the military, the shuttle is a reliable new lift vehicle that can be employed again and again to put hardware into orbit. But it is much more than that. The Air Force has long dreamed of a permanent, manned orbital platform that could act as a sentry in the sky. In the next five years, at least 21 of the 68 planned shuttle flights have been booked by the military, with the number likely to go up if the Soviets mount a new challenge in space.

Military payloads will include new and sophisticated satellites: for photographing, electronic eavesdropping, ensuring secure communications with military units around the world, and providing early-warning systems as well as pinpointing navigational accuracy for everything from ships and planes to nuclear-tipped missiles. Says the commander of the Air Force's new space division, Lieut. General Richard Henry: "Space is the high ground. It is crucial for collecting and disseminating information, for reducing the confusion of battle."



New military spaceport going up at Vandenberg Air Force Base

As early as next year, during the shuttle's scheduled fourth flight, it will carry an experimental military payload in its cargo bay: infra-red and laser tracking devices designed to guide future shuttle pilots to orbiting satellites for repair or retrieval—or perhaps for destruction. The experiment's disclosure has already brought a pained outcry from the Kremlin. Though the Soviets are actively experimenting with military lasers, they charge that the U.S. is planning to introduce laser weaponry into space.

By 1985 the Pentagon hopes to be lofting at least some of its own shuttle flights from a military spaceport now under construction at Vandenberg Air Force Base, near Santa Barbara, Calif. The $200 million installation will include a launch pad and a new three-mile-long shuttle landing strip, as well as fuel tanks, shops and other support facilities. It will operate under the control of a new military space center at Peterson Air Force Base in Colorado Springs, hard by the North American Air Defense Command's underground headquarters deep in Cheyenne Mountain.

The shuttle could hardly have got off the pad without military support. In the early 1970s, when the space agency first sought funding for a reusable space vehicle to succeed the costly and expendable Saturn rockets that carried the Apollo astronauts to the moon, many congressional leaders strongly opposed the ambitious new space adventure. Only when the Air Force threw its full political weight behind the shuttle did Congress vote funds.

In exchange for this crucial backing, the space agency was compelled to change the shuttle's design, vastly complicating the job of building it. The Air Force insisted that the payload capacity be expanded to 65,000 lbs. (the better to carry big spy satellites). NASA also had to extend the orbiter's "cross range" so that it could glide a full 1,200 miles either to the right or left of its original orbital trajectory after reentering the atmosphere. That would enable a Florida-launched shuttle, which travels about 1,000 miles south of Vandenberg on its first circuit of the earth, to land at the military field after only one orbit—and also reduce the risk of an unwelcome descent into hostile territory in case of an abort.

Unlike the Soviet space program command, which is military and rarely announces a space launch beforehand, civilian NASA has carried out its shots in the full glare of publicity. But under the terms of NASA's new partnership with the military, security is being tightened at such key facilities as Cape Canaveral and the Johnson Space Center in Houston in anticipation of military launches. Military observers are now regular participants at shuttle planning sessions and have their own facilities inside Mission Control. At the height of the shuttle's development problems, there was even talk that the task of getting the spacecraft off the ground should be turned over to the Air Force, a step that would no doubt have scuttled the civilian space agency for good.

Now that *Columbia* has finally flown, NASA—like the returning shuttle—seems to be "right on the money." But the military role of the program is surely going to increase because the Pentagon hopes eventually to send up almost all of its payloads by shuttle. Air Force planners are thinking of buying one or two shuttles for their exclusive use. They are also developing a new portable booster to be carried aboard, thus overcoming one of the shuttle's notable limitations. It can operate only in low earth orbit (at altitudes from 115 to 690 miles). But the new booster rocket, attached to satellites to be carried into space, will be able to hurl them into geosynchronous or stationary orbits at an altitude of 22,300 miles. In such orbits, a surveillance satellite's speed almost exactly matches the earth's rate of rotation; in effect, the satellite remains motionless over a single spot on the earth.

The Soviet Union regularly protests the shuttle program as a plot of "U.S. elite classes to place weaponry in space." But at the same time, the U.S.S.R. is known to have demonstrated "killer" satellites that can knock other satellites out of the sky. To meet this threat, the U.S. is considering anti-satellite weapons of its own. Eventually these may even include high-powered laser and particle beams that could destroy a hostile satellite or an incoming missile. In 1980, then Secretary of Defense Harold Brown declared the shuttle essential to future U.S. military planning. However true that was a year ago, it is a great deal truer now.

Photographed in orbit by his fellow astronaut, Commander Young clutches pen and notebook to keep them from floating away

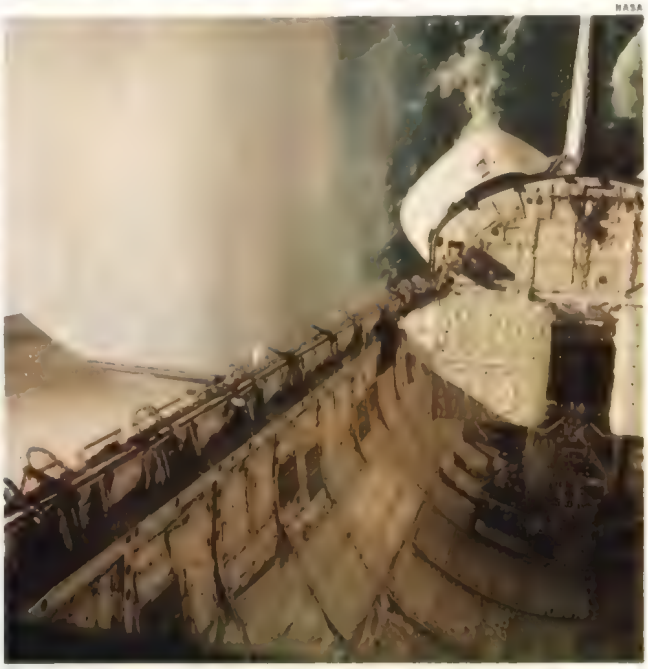
ROBERT L. CRIPPEN-NASA

control center. When Crippen felt Houston was loading him with too many tasks at one time—realigning the inertial navigational unit, shooting a picture of the Southern Lights, confirming a message on the teletype—he asked in mock seriousness: "You mean all that right now?" To jog the astronauts awake, Houston piped in a loud country and western ditty about the shuttle called *The Mean Machine*. There was a somewhat more serious moment when Vice President Bush got on the radio from Washington to congratulate them on behalf of the nation.

There were also a few minor glitches. During the first "night" in space—actually they saw the sun rise and set once during every 90-min orbit—Young and Crippen complained about a chill in the cabin. The temperature had dropped to 37° F. "I was ready to break out the long undies," joked one of the frozen astronauts. The problem was quickly fixed with a signal from earth that pumped warm water into the cabin's temperature control system. Young and Crippen had less luck fixing a faulty flight data recorder that had stopped mysteriously. They tried to get to it with a screwdriver but found the panel over it had been too tightly screwed down (or "torqued," as NASA put it).

The most serious problem came on the second night when an alarm light flashed and a bell jolted Young and Crippen out of their reveries. It was a warning of a malfunction in a heating unit on one of the three auxiliary power units for *Columbia's* hydraulic systems, which control the landing gear and elevons. The heater keeps the unit's fuel from freezing up. A throw of a switch got it working again, but *Columbia* is such a masterpiece of engineering redundancy that any one of the units could have saved the day. Said Flight Director Neil Hutchinson: "It's absolutely amazing. We didn't have anything that is a show stopper."

The real "show stopper," of course, might have been the landing. But it was breathtakingly "nominal," NASA lingo for "perfect." Crossing the coast below Big Sur at Mach 7, seven times the speed of sound, or about 5,100 m.p.h., Crippen crowed: "What a way to come to California!" Young lost his cool only after he had artfully landed *Columbia* right on the runway's center line. Eager to make an exit, he urged Houston to get the reception crews to speed up their "sniffing" chores—ridding the ship of noxious gases with exhausts and fans. When he was finally allowed to emerge, 63 min. after touchdown, he bounded down the stairs, checked out the tiles and landing gear, then jubilantly jabbed the air with his fists. It was probably Young's most uncontrolled move of the entire flight.

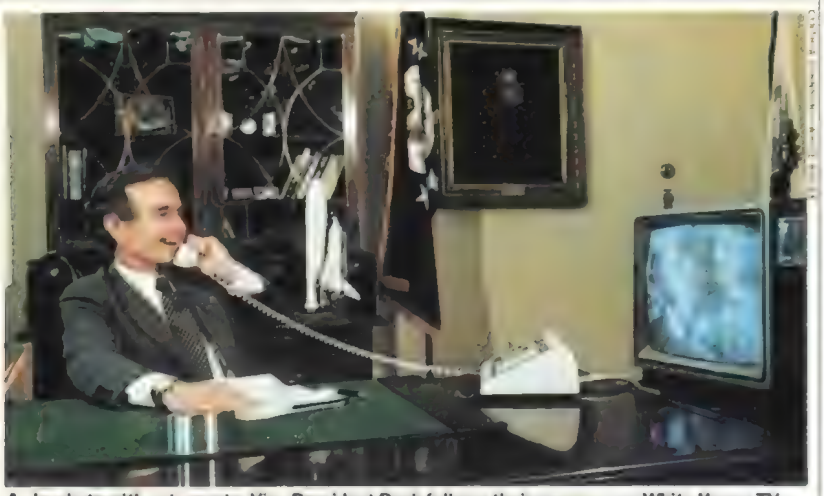


NASA

The view aft: open cargo bay, rudder, engine pod and distant earth

Curiously, Young's and Crippen's heartbeat patterns reversed on takeoff and landing. Both are normally in the 60s. At launch Young's rose only to 85 beats a minute, while Crippen's soared to 135. Returning, Young's pulse rate zipped up to 130 as he flew the craft in. Crippen's stayed around 85.

To be sure, Young's racing pulse slowed down soon after landing—and the nation's is likely to do the same. Says Forrest Berghorn, a political scientist at the University of Kansas: "The American spirit is too self-centered to concern itself with this for very long. The space shuttle success is in a class with our



As he chats with astronauts, Vice President Bush follows their progress on White House TV

A touch of euphoria that made us feel like giants again.

hockey victory over Russia." That may be too harsh a judgment; of late there have been signs of a renewed popular interest in space. Yet even those who want a redoubled U.S. space effort doubt there will be a lasting effect from the flight unless a profound change of mood occurs in budget-minded Washington. Says Jerry Grey, public policy administrator for the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics: "Right now, there is no real commitment to space, no strong proponent of it within the Administration."

There is no doubt of continued military interest in the shuttle. But in the realms of pure science and commercial enterprise, the future of the costly space shuttle seems far from assured.

In its struggle to get the shuttle launched, NASA has already been forced to drain funds from other areas, especially those concerned with the unmanned exploration of the solar system. To NASA's great embarrassment, it has had to drop out of a joint effort to position two satellites—one American, the other European—in great, looping orbits around the poles of the sun. These solar regions have never before been inspected by technically equipped robots from earth, and such satellites could help answer important questions about the behavior of our parent star: How does it affect terrestrial climate and weather? Is it warming up or cooling off?

The space agency has also been forced to delay until 1988 a project to orbit Venus with a satellite that will scan its cloud-veiled surface with radar beams. In 1986, Halley's comet, perhaps a chunk of debris left over from the early solar system, will return to the earth's vicinity for the first time since 1910. So far the space agency has been unable to scratch up the money for the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to intercept this visitor from deep space with cameras and other scientific instruments. Says George Rathjens, former chief scientist at the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency: "Space science is in shambles. Planetary exploration is in shambles." Indeed, because of shuttle costs, NASA is so strapped that there is only one planetary exploration it can be sure of—and that the budget cutters cannot call off: Voyager 2, launched 3½ years ago and still speeding toward an August rendezvous with Saturn and its moons.

Though the shuttle's cost overruns have caused penny pinching on other scientific projects, the future in space should now brighten for scientists, even if their experiments must ride on military flights. In 1985, the shuttle is scheduled to hoist a large, remote-controlled telescope into orbit high above the earth's obscuring atmosphere. From there, astronomers should be able to see out 14 billion light-years (seven times farther than they can see using the biggest earthbound reflectors), expanding the volume of the known universe about 350-fold and bringing them very close to what is presumed to be its "edge." Says Physicist Robert Jastrow (*God and the Astronomers*): "We don't know what we'll find out there, whose hand we'll see at work." Also in 1985, the shuttle is slated to get the Galileo spacecraft on its way: an unmanned package of instruments that will drop a probe into the atmosphere of Jupiter in search of organic molecules, the building blocks of life. Adds Jastrow: "The two great cosmic mysteries are the origin of the universe and the origin of life. The shuttle will give us a chance to probe both."

It will also enable scientists to perform more mundane research, like that planned for Spacelab. Among them: investigations into the behavior of metals, chemicals and even living cells in what scientists call the microgravity of orbit, the familiar condition of weightlessness. Some student experiments will be carried up as well, probably as part of NASA's so-called getaway specials, compact canisters as small as 1.5 cu. ft. that can be placed on a flight for as little as $3,000. One young man recently announced he intended to use such an experimental package to see if fruit flies breed in space. What will be next?

No less intriguing but so far less precise are the shuttle's commercial possibilities. It is a working truck with a 65,000-lb. payload, but who is going to buy space in it? Communications companies, for one, are already lined up to use the shuttle for satellite launches. One advantage is price: $35 million for a shuttle launch *vs.* $48 million for a boost into space from a conventional Atlas-Centaur rocket. Another is that the shuttle can carry several satellites at a time. What is more, says A T & T's Robert Latter, "you can test the satellite all the way up. Maybe you could even fix it in flight." After the astronauts perfect their skills at retrieving satellites with the shuttle's big mechanical arm, ailing "birds" may also be recovered and repaired either in orbit or on the ground.

An early operational flight of the shuttle, in 1983, is scheduled to carry a tracking and data relay satellite aloft for the Space Communications Co. A T & T is planning to use a 1984 flight to put one of its new Telstar 3 satellites into orbit. Foreign nations have rented a total of 18 payloads, among them: an Arab consortium, Australia, Canada, China, Colombia, Great Britain, Japan and Luxembourg. Other potential users of shuttle space have been slower to come forward, in part because the idea of working in orbit is still a bit too risky and futuristic for most corporate chiefs to contemplate. But there is little doubt that microgravity and the "hard" vacuum of space offer unique opportunities for research and development. One idea that will be tested jointly in space by McDonnell

Meese's "Mice"

Ever eager to win support in high places, NASA dispatched one of its 23-inch desktop models of space shuttle *Columbia* to Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese. But like the original, it had a few problems. As the model sat in Meese's darkened office over the weekend, its cargo bay inexplicably swung open. Small metal pieces fell out. So sensitive is the White House alarm system these days that a flock of "white mice"—the nickname for agents responsible for office security—came scurrying. To their bafflement, they found the room locked, unoccupied and undisturbed. As with the real shuttle, it took quite a bit of figuring to tell what had gone wrong.

Douglas and Ortho Pharmaceutical is a procedure for separating biological materials through electrophoresis, a process whereby substances move under the influence of electric fields. The object: to isolate hormones, enzymes, proteins and certain cells in higher and purer concentrations than can be achieved under the influence of gravity.

Still other companies are considering the use of space to grow crystals for the manufacture of electronic "chips," the tiny semiconductor wafers that are at the heart of modern electronics. Space-made crystals, say the experts, could be larger and more uniform than those made on earth. Other possible orbital products: high-purity glass, new alloys, higher-yield vaccines. Says Jerry Grey: "These aren't future technologies. They can be used today." Adds Merrill Lynch Analyst Ed Greenslet: "The important thing is that the shuttle is now there. Things that are there often start people thinking and evaluating what could and should be done with them."

If commercial clients sign up in sufficient numbers, NASA plans to fly more than 400 shuttle missions in the next ten years. It has even considered subcontracting shuttle operations to an airline, and United Airlines has expressed interest. Farsighted planners are thinking about more ambitious roles for the shuttle, or its successor. In the future, such a spacecraft may carry work crews into orbit, where they will be left behind inside comfortable modules that could serve as building blocks for permanent space stations. As more components are shuttled up, these centers might begin to produce space goods, perhaps even utilize raw materials, as Gerard O'Neill suggests, from the moon or from asteroids. There would be no shortage of power for such enterprises: energy would come from the sun.

In the more distant future, such stations, like the great wheel in *2001: A Space Odyssey*, could serve as a launch pad for journeys far beyond the earth, maybe to Mars. Interplanetary spacecraft assembled in earth orbit could be made of much lighter and less costly materials since they would not have to survive the stresses and friction of travel through the earth's atmosphere.

Even in the excited aftermath of *Columbia's* incredible journey, such schemes have the ring of expensive fantasy. Some people even find them disturbing retreats from the earth's own hard realities, including widespread poverty and hunger. But are they really only escapist dreams? At least one hard-nosed test pilot does not think so. Speaking after his return from space last week, John Young said: "I think we have a remarkable capability here. We're really not too far—the human race isn't far from going to the stars. Bob and I are mighty proud to have been a part of that evolution." *—By Frederic Golden. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Edwards Air Force Base and Jerry Hannifin/Houston*

Not surprisingly, *Columbia's* 6.4 million lbs. of flaming thrust made a mess of its Cape Canaveral launch pad. The main structural beams of the 347-ft. service tower survived intact. But the 6,000° F temperatures of the shuttle's exhaust charred cables, melted water-spray nozzles and scorched grass up to a mile from Pad 39A. *Columbia's* rapid ascent also created such a great shock wave that light fixtures, fire-alarm boxes and the electrical panel doors were damaged or completely torn away. Elevator doors were buckled out of their frames. Since regular launches at a rate of nearly once a week from the same pad are essential to the shuttle's economic success, officials at the Kennedy Space Center at first feared that the pad and its equipment might need extensive repairs or even a full redesign. But a detailed check proved that the overall damage, except for a coating of salt from the rocket exhausts—which can be washed off—was well within expectations. Said a NASA spokesman: "It may take two weeks or so to restore [the pad], but there will be no delays to the program."

The convalescing Chief Executive chats with Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger (right) and top aides in the White House

Nation

The Upstairs Presidency

The First Patient is healing, but his programs are ailing

The details of convalescence sounded reassuringly familiar to anyone who has recovered from major surgery. In his first week back at the White House after the attempt on his life, Ronald Reagan puttered around the second-floor bedroom and sitting room. He strolled in the Rose Garden and frequently visited the third-floor solarium to bask in the sunshine and admire the tulips that had bloomed while he was in the hospital. He took penicillin orally to guard against infection of the lung pierced by the would-be assassin's bullet. But that was Reagan's only medication. The President's personal physician, Dr. Daniel Ruge, found no need to conduct any extensive examinations on his twice daily visits. He merely performed brief checkups and asked the First Patient how he felt. "It sure hurts to get shot," Reagan told aides with a wry smile. Nonetheless, he ate heartily enough to begin putting back some weight and even asked when he could resume his regular calisthenics. With Ruge's permission, he gingerly began doing some bending and stretching exercises.

But there was some grimmer news too. Benjamin Aaron, the surgeon who removed the bullet at George Washington University Hospital, disclosed last week that the President had been losing blood so rapidly right after the shooting outside the Washington Hilton that he might have died if he had been taken to the White House rather than to the hospital. Moreover, Aaron confirmed that the bullet had lodged only an inch from Reagan's heart. That report had specifically been denied at the time by Hospital Spokesman Dennis O'Leary, who placed the bullet "several inches" away from the heart. O'Leary now says that he apparently misunderstood Aaron in the turmoil after the surgery. The only significance to the fact that the bullet was so close to the heart, O'Leary insisted, is that "the longer the track of the bullet, the more tissue that must be healed and the longer the period of recovery."

Encouraging though the President's convalescence has been, his top aides were offering no guesses as to how soon he

Reagan and Vice President Bush talk with Secretary of State Haig about his Middle East trip

MICHAEL EVANS—THE WHITE HOUSE

would be fully back on the job. Reagan did increasingly turn his attention to affairs of state and even found time to see two distinguished visitors: NATO Secretary General Joseph Luns and New York's Terence Cardinal Cooke. The President also caught up on some of the routine proclamations that had piled up while he was in the hospital, and held discussions on important questions with his top aides. But the meetings were brief because Reagan tired quickly. One participant in a session dealing with the President's economic program reported that Reagan began alertly and was full of questions, but showed obvious signs of fatigue after half an hour. Meanwhile, essential decisions are being made but little forward planning is getting done. Says one White House adviser: "We're losing momentum, and it will be difficult to recapture."

The most obvious loss of thrust has been suffered by the economic program. At a White House meeting last week, Chief of Staff James Baker observed that the program was proceeding satisfactorily because even Democrats in Congress are now committed to substantial cuts in spending and taxes, as the President wants. Reagan dryly responded, "If things are going so well, how come I'm not jumping up and down?" He had a point. While he was in the hospital, the program suffered two setbacks: first, three conservative Republicans on the Senate Budget Committee joined Democrats in rejecting a budget resolution favored by the Administration; then leaders of the Democrat-controlled House outlined an alternative program that accepts the magnitude of Reagan's spending cuts but alters some of their targets and features a restricted program of tax reductions for one year only. Those actions reflect a deep fear in both parties on Capitol Hill that Reagan's proposal to slash income-tax rates by 30% across the board for three years would result in more inflationary deficits in 1983 and 1984

The White House staff was incensed by the bolt of the conservatives on the Senate Budget Committee. The conservatives are seeking some assurance that the President will recommend spending cuts, beyond those already demanded for fiscal 1982, large enough to keep the budget from toppling into intolerable deficits in later years if Reagan's tax cuts are enacted. Although the White House wants the conservatives back in line, it is not ready to tell them what future reductions are in store. In fact, Reagan's top aides have not decided what further cuts they might recommend. Some targets are obvious. For example, cost of living increases in Social Security pensions might be reduced. But the President could not announce that idea now without incurring the wrath of elderly citizens whom he cannot afford to alienate. The defecting conservative Republicans might temporarily be converted: there is speculation that they would not have jumped ship if the hospitalized President had been able to make a personal appeal for their support. But their rebellion points to an unease among Reagan's own supporters that could cause trouble in the many future votes on his economic plans

Topic A around the White House was how to respond to the Democrats' spending and tax plans. Oklahoma Democrat James Jones, chairman of the House Budget Committee, said that he had been approached by representatives of the Treasury Department to talk compromise. The White House quickly denied any such wavering of intent. "Why should the President compromise?" asked Treasury Secretary Donald Regan. "He is doing fine standing still." Vice President George Bush declared that Reagan's program must be passed "unsalamied"—meaning that it should not be subjected to the "salami tactic" of paring it down slice by slice. Bush also implied that Reagan would veto a bill cutting taxes for one year only. The President, in a statement issued on income tax day, April 15, asserted that Americans would go on paying "too much" in taxes unless his full plan was enacted

Even to hint at a willingness to compromise at this time would be equivalent to throwing in the towel in an early round of a championship bout. The White House still has high hopes that a vigorous selling campaign will bring Congress around to voting something close to the full Reagan package. That selling campaign is hindered by the President's inability for now to join it personally, but it is still going forward. Conservative groups are planning a blitz of direct mailings, speeches and TV ads to build pressure for the full Reagan program in the home districts of wavering Congressmen—especially conservative Democrats who hold the balance of power in the House. Bush is supposed to travel from Maine to California this week promoting the package. The hard decisions on taxes will come if the blitz fails and Congress continues to be skeptical about the President's plans. Despite the official no-compromise hard line, talk of alternatives floats around Washington There is speculation about a two-year tax cut, and Senate Budget Committee Chairman Pete Domenici of New Mexico has suggested stretching the Reagan tax cuts over four years rather than three to minimize the effect on deficits; this idea has attracted some Administration interest

Treasury Under Secretary Norman Ture in an interview with TIME described a complicated alternative that the Administration might weigh if—but only if—it cannot get three-year, across-the-board cuts in income tax rates. It is a "two-stack" plan that would involve taxing "earned" (wage and salary) income and "unearned" income (dividends, interest, rents) separately, at the same rates, with a 50% top on both. At present, unearned income is taxed at a maximum 70%, vs earned income's 50% limit. Ture figures that the two-stack plan would promote the Administration's goal of spurring savings and investment

Some Administration hard-liners are prepared to take a defeat on taxes; have Reagan sign into law a one-year, limited reduction; and then have the Republican Party fight the 1982 congressional elections on the ground that the Democrats prevented the President from righting the economy. Says one close adviser to the President: "We go out and run against the Democrats in 1982 because they did not give Ronald Reagan the program that he promised the American people in 1980 We are not afraid to lose this round. We

Back at his desk, but not yet in the Oval Office: Reagan working in White House study

He tires easily after about half an hour, and little forward planning is being done

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

That Show-Must-Go-On Spirit

On the Sunday after the attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan, Nancy and other members of the family were on their way to George Washington University Hospital to visit the wounded President.

Someone in the crowd around the hospital apparently threw a firecracker in the vicinity of the limousine. The effect on those within the vehicle—Secret Service agents as well as the family—was instant. Deep down, personal alarms went off, reminding all of them once more of the hazards that attend high public positions. The bulletproof limousine was virtually impervious to firearms. But the fear aroused by that sudden explosion was another lesson in just how much modern leadership depends on the well-being of the people involved and how their minds are refocused, often involuntarily, from extreme stress.

Washington is grateful for Reagan's remarkable recovery. Beneath the surface mood of thanksgiving, however, are questions of just how his presidency may have been altered by the shooting. Will there be the same physical vigor? Will there be the same hard edge of resolve? So much in national leadership hinges on the thin margins of presidential energy and determination. Any change in Reagan's mind or body can make a great difference.

John Wayne: swaggering back from a battle

The testimony from inside the White House, by those who have seen the President, is that he is less fearful of the future than before, that he has a deeper resolve to get on with his task. Those who know Reagan and have watched his progress agree with Congressman Jack Kemp, who predicted the President would have "an even greater sense of destiny." Reagan did his share of westerns in Hollywood, and he proved to have in him a lot of real-life John Wayne, who came back swaggering and feisty from his private battles with cancer. That show-must-go-on spirit could grow larger in the weeks ahead.

About the only measure we can take of this delicate time in Reagan's stewardship comes from the aftermath of John Kennedy's death and the days following the attempts on the life of Gerald Ford. Lyndon Johnson, though not wounded in the Kennedy shooting, was made aware of his own vulnerability. Aides remember that he took precautions about his safety, but his sense of political urgency heightened. What time he had in the White House he wanted to use totally for his Great Society goals.

Much the same happened to Ford. His press secretary, Ron Nessen, recalled last week that Ford emerged from the attempts on his life determined to fulfill the presidential obligation to the fullest. He wore bulletproof vests and raincoats now and then, but they were always an irritation, and finally he put them aside. Ford made public appearances without a trace of fear.

But a leader who has actually been wounded might react differently because of the complex chemistry of mind and body that surely changes in some way following such a trauma. One example is John Connally, who was the Governor of Texas when he was shot in the Kennedy motorcade. Horace Busby, aide and friend to both L.B.J. and Connally during those days, found that the Governor grew to be a "larger man." It may have been, reasoned Busby, a sense of how fragile life is that comes from having just missed death.

Precisely how Reagan will now conduct his presidency remains to be seen. A review of the security system for the President got under way seriously last week in the Treasury Department, which runs the Secret Service. Certain procedures, like publishing the presidential schedule, will undoubtedly be altered.

It will take many more weeks to determine just how Reagan, physically and mentally grazed by death, will really behave. A President will always be a target of sorts. And Reagan will go to work each day with his scars to remind him of that sad truth. But so far, there is every reason to believe that this President will heal, and be stronger than before.

are patient people; we know what we want." Which strategy to adopt is a choice that can be made only by Reagan himself. Advisers figure that the President can put off the decision until June, when Congress begins voting seriously on a tax bill.

Other decisions also appear to be slipping. Among them:

▸ Secretary of State Alexander Haig sent the Japanese a letter, which other Administration officials learned of only last week, urging them "voluntarily" to hold auto exports to the U.S. to fewer than 1.6 million cars per year, *vs.* 1.9 million sold here in 1980. Both the idea of asking for a limitation and Haig's authority to set a figure are furiously disputed within the Administration. Says one official: "The Japanese are so confused right now that they have no idea what the Administration policy on auto imports is or who is supposed to be telling them what it is."

▸ The White House by now was supposed to begin spelling out its ideas for transferring many programs from Washington to the states. Reagan made a start by proposing that many specific education, health and social programs now financed by Washington be eliminated. The savings would be turned into "block grants" that states, within broad limits, would be free to spend as they please. He was supposed to begin defining the new relationship between Washington and the states in a series of speeches to state legislatures beginning April 1.

▸ The Administration is well aware that the 1980 census showed older cities losing population, and thus tax revenues, while remaining saddled with problems of crime, decay and declining services. But Reagan is determined to reduce federal aid to cities as part of his budget-slashing program. Nonetheless, the Administration knows that it must come up with new and imaginative ideas that do not involve more money to help the cities solve their problems. What those ideas might be cannot begin to be thoroughly discussed until Reagan recovers his strength.

Also awaiting presidential action is the U.S. grain embargo imposed on the Soviet Union after it invaded Afghanistan. Reagan promised in his campaign to lift the measure, but has held off doing so while Soviet troops were threatening Poland. Aides say he will probably lift the embargo in the next few weeks if the Polish crisis continues to subside.

All these troubles point to a fundamental problem: even an Administration dedicated to reducing Washington's role in American life needs a full-time working President to determine just what it is trying to do. Both advocates and opponents of his philosophy can only hope that the President heals rapidly so he can begin making decisions about long-range policy. Until then, they will not know exactly what it is that they are supposed to be debating. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Douglas Brew/Washington*

The Risks of Billboard Diplomacy

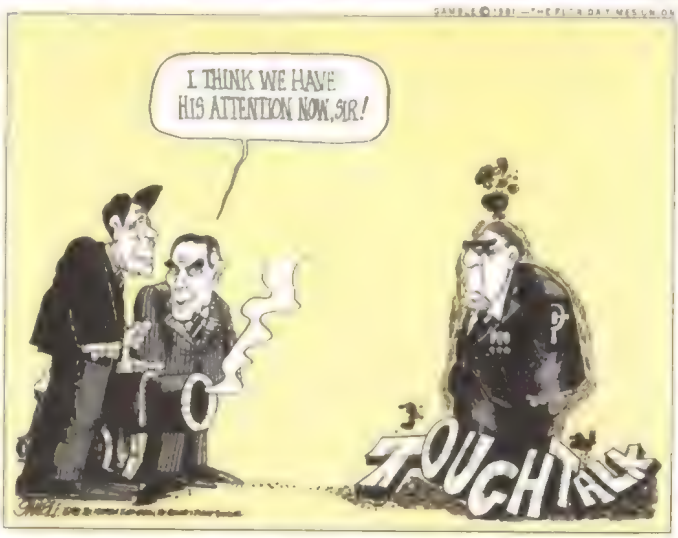
Time to move from sloganeering to statesmanship

Returning from a nine-day visit to Western Europe and the Middle East, a high U.S official gave a background briefing to reporters aboard Secretary of State Alexander Haig's jet. The official who, of course, was quickly revealed to be Haig himself admitted that in the future he would have to be more careful in his anti-Soviet remarks, lest they give the Kremlin leaders an additional excuse to invade Poland. TIME *Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott believes there are other dangers, too, that Haig should keep in mind Talbott's analysis.*

So far, the Reagan Administration seems to have been almost spoiling for a skirmish with the Soviets, or at least a shouting match. It has also shown a disturbing tendency to treat virtually every international problem as a manifestation of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. rivalry. Haig returned home last week insisting that friends of the U.S. in Europe and the Middle East were reassured by America's determination to stand up to Soviet expansionism. But he also seemed somewhat chastened by criticism of the tenor of U.S. policy, as well he should be. Haig will soon be supervising an interagency review of East-West relations, and he hopes the outcome will be a more modulated and pragmatic approach to the challenge of dealing with the Kremlin

Achieving that goal may be complicated by opposition to Haig inside the Administration from numerous hawks and ideologues in sub-Cabinet positions, by pressure from powerful right-wing Senators, and perhaps by the hard-line instincts of the President himself. The confrontational overtones of the Reagan foreign policy to date hark back to a vigorously anti-Soviet presidential campaign and, before that, to Reagan's long career as an unabashedly old-fashioned anti-Communist speaker on the Republican rubber-chicken circuit Reagan felt all the more justified in making anti-Sovietism the cornerstone of his foreign policy since he came to office in a landslide victory over Jimmy Carter, who was generally perceived as soft on the Soviet challenge. There is little question that many Americans were ready for a tough stance—and, indeed, that one was necessary—given the U.S.S.R.'s recent record of what Winston Lord, president of the Council on Foreign Relations, has called "geopolitical arrogance" in Africa, Indochina and Afghanistan

Reagan's aides say that their man has a resounding mandate from the American electorate to threaten and punish the U.S.S.R., and if the Soviets make one false move in Poland or anywhere else, to foreclose indefinitely any improvement in East-West relations. Some of the more hawkish members of the Administration, particularly at the Pentagon and National Security Council, want to keep arms control on the back burner with the heat turned low, while they concentrate on a unilateral arms buildup and other measures to combat Soviet power. Whether there is strong domestic political support for such a policy remains to be seen Some of the Administration's own polling indicates that the public wants firm defense; but there is also broad support for arms control, and there seems to be little stomach for a new, all-out arms race or cold war.



The views of America's allies are even clearer: they are adamant that the Reagan Administration pursue a "two track" policy of building up defenses while making a good-faith attempt to negotiate with the Soviets. A number of West European officials have politely but firmly told visitors from Washington that they consider the initial anti-Soviet thrust of Reagan foreign policy excessive and obsessive. Galled by that attitude from across the Atlantic, some second-echelon hard-liners in the Administration have gone so far as to hope for a Soviet invasion of Poland. It would, they believe, galvanize both domestic and allied support for the policies they favor. Haig emphatically opposes this notion

Even if the Warsaw Pact forces finally intervene in Poland, the Kremlin may be able to hold off doing so for months or years, garnering credit from the West Europeans in the meantime for appearing restrained. That is all the more likely if U.S. Cabinet members run around the globe crying "wolf, wolf," proclaiming that an invasion is imminent every few weeks.

As for the Middle East, Haig had gone there with the announced intention of seeking a "strategic consensus" on the Soviet menance. Instead, the Secretary got lectures from King Hussein of Jordan and the Saudi leaders on what they consider the more immediate and dangerous problem of Israeli intransigence on the issue of Palestinian autonomy. Haig argues that such statements were predictable and do not necessarily reflect those governments' true feelings. But public polemics beween himself and pro-Western Arabs over who constitutes the biggest threat to the region only accentuate the impression that the Administration has so far failed to come up with effective new initiatives for the Middle East

Similarly, the Administration—with Haig in the lead—made the mistake of overblowing its claim that the ugly little war in El Salvador is a showdown between Soviet-Cuban expansionism and American resolve. There is little doubt that the Cubans and their Sandinista friends in Nicaragua have supplied the Salvadoran leftist guerrillas with arms. But by casting the Central American conflict in apocalyptic East-West terms, the U.S has already prompted criticism from Western Europe, Canada, Mexico, Venezuela and even China

The Administration has toned down its rhetoric over El Salvador, but it has yet to calm renewed fears among Third World countries everywhere, particularly in Southern Africa, that the U.S. is now inclined to treat them solely as pawns on the Soviet-American chessboard. America's recent sizable donations to a fund for assisting African refugees (unmatched by a single ruble from the Soviets) and the current mission to Africa by a still unconfirmed Assistant Secretary of State (*see* WORLD) suggest an effort to assuage these feelings. To be sure, the U.S.S.R. regards Third World countries strictly as pawns. But then the U.S.S.R. tries to influence other countries almost exclusively by brute force and revolutionary ideology (which implies the threat of force), while the U.S. depends on the more subtle instruments of diplomacy, politics, trade and foreign aid

Name calling, no matter how justified, is no substitute for policy and strategy Haig now seems more aware of the difference than he was before and committed to making the transition from sloganeering to statesmanship. The question is whether he will be able to bring the rest of the Administration along with him ■

Softly, with a Big Stick

Weinberger preaches Reagan's gospel with stubborn charm

His longtime nickname "Cap the Knife" testifies to his reputation as a ruthless budget cutter. His anti-Soviet rhetoric is at least as bellicose as that of his Cabinet colleague Secretary of State Alexander Haig. Reflecting on the recent European visit of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, the West German newspaper *Die Welt* complained that he came across like "a Roman proconsul," and a top British defense official said, "He has a way of dropping grenades around the china shop." Another British diplomat softened that blow a bit by saying, "I'd call his performance one of stubbornness with charm."

Weinberger, one of the most visible members of the new Administration, does indeed coat his somewhat alarmist world view with the mellow affability that is the hallmark of Ronald Reagan and his California insiders. Says one senior Administration official who has worked with both the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Defense: "Haig worries about authority, while Weinberger assumes it. Haig is tense by nature, whereas Weinberger is relaxed." As a result, the avuncular Weinberger has so far managed to avoid the four-star controversy that has surrounded his take-charge colleague at State.

Weinberger's calm confidence stems in part from his closeness to Reagan. Their mutual admiration dates from 1968, when Weinberger, a former state assemblyman and TV talk-show host, joined Reagan's California cabinet as finance director. In the current Cabinet, only Attorney General William French Smith has so firm a relationship with Reagan and his inner circle.

Weinberger, 63, has an unpretentious old-shoe style that makes him seem comfortably self-effacing—a description seldom applied to the high-strung Haig. Cap enjoys the exercise of power but seems bemused by its trappings. When security-conscious West German officials sent a limousine to take him to a secluded wood for his daily three-mile run one morning, he gently protested, to no avail, that he preferred jogging the streets near his hotel in Bonn. Later, he joked that the Germans had probably insisted he get out of town because his tattered jogging outfit was so indecorous. Unlike some of his predecessors at Defense, he has none of the arrogance or aloofness that so often offends Congress. Says one Capitol Hill aide: "It's awfully nice not to have a Secretary of Defense who puffs on a pipe and talks down at you from an intellectual perch." A senior military official at the Pentagon agrees: "Weinberger is the first good politician we have had on the third floor for quite a while."

Weinberger's attitude on competition with the Soviets is not reassuring to the European community. He strongly believes détente has worked to the strategic advantage of the U.S.S.R. As he told the NATO ministers: "If the movement from cold war to détente is progress, then let me say we cannot afford much more progress." That message was received coldly by the West Germans, who are the principal beneficiaries of increased trade and reduced tensions between East and West.

POLY—PRESS

The Secretary with G.I.s at the border of East and West Germany

Avuncular warnings about détente and Soviet intentions.

Arriving in Bonn a few days later, Haig had to tone down Weinberger's pessimistic assessment of the prospects for Soviet-American negotiations. Commented the *Neue Ruhr Zeitung:* "Haig repaired the china that was smashed a few days earlier by Secretary Weinberger." But Cap keeps smashing away. In Washington last week he told reporters that arms-control talks were contingent on the further reduction of Soviet troop levels near Poland. The State Department had to send messages to NATO capitals reassuring them of America's commitment to renewed negotiations. Haig publicly stated that Soviet-American talks are "under active consideration" and that an announcement would be made soon on resuming negotiations—a clear refutation of Weinberger's pessimistic attitude.

Weinberger, who has a lot to learn about the subtleties of diplomatic discourse, has a tendency to make casual and imprecise pronouncements that later have to be corrected by others. In his first press conference, he said that the U.S. might decide to deploy the enhanced-radiation warhead known as the neutron bomb. Haig quickly sent out cables saying that no such decision had been made. Discussing the presence of U.S. trainers in El Salvador, Weinberger offhandedly referred to them as "advisers"—a red-flag word with disturbing echoes of Viet Nam. This tendency to shoot from the hip has done nothing to ease tensions between Weinberger and Haig, which surfaced during the Secretary of State's ill-fated "I am in control" speech at the White House following the assassination attempt.

Weinberger insists that he is not interested in any dispute with Haig over prerogatives or authority. "I've got all the turf I want or could handle," he says. In fact, White House aides worry that Weinberger has yet to get a good grip on the country's massive but cumbersome military apparatus. Reagan aides are disappointed that Weinberger—now known to some as "Cap the Shovel," since he is dispensing the Administration's only budgetary increases—has not come up with any innovative overhauls of bloated programs to make the increased defense outlays more palatable. He has only managed to find $3.2 billion of savings in the proposed $359 billion budget for fiscal 1981 and 1982. Nor has he addressed the inefficiencies that result from lack of cooperation among the services, such as Army-Marine rivalry over command of the planned Rapid Deployment Force.

Weinberger may yet turn out to be a politically adept complement to Haig as a spokesman for the Administration's tough foreign and military posture. He has the bureaucratic and managerial talents to carry out Reagan's mandate to improve the country's defenses. But Weinberger has some distance to go. On several occasions he has compared his present job with his last Cabinet post, as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare under Richard Nixon. As Cap puts it: "The difference is that at HEW you could afford a mistake." *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Roberto Suro/Washington*

Tehran Was Never Like This

Ex-hostages seem happy, healthy in a therapeutic reunion

The Allegheny Mountains town of White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., gained a reputation as a healing center in 1778, when Amanda Anderson, long a rheumatic invalid, was placed gently into a hollowed-out tree trunk and slowly immersed in the sulfurous waters of a local spring. Suddenly she jumped out of the trunk and shouted, "I'm cured! I'm cured!" Last week, at White Sulphur Springs' stately Greenbrier resort hotel, the State Department quizzed and counseled 31 of the 53 Americans who had been held hostage in Iran. After three days of therapy and relaxation, however, none came out crying "I'm cured!" That may be because very few of them appear to have been sick

As a group, the released hostages defied those scary predictions by academics and long-distance psychiatrists that they would return as deeply troubled individuals, reliving their 444 days in captivity in recurring nightmares and struggling to cope with interrupted marriages and the demands of normal life. Most of the returnees and their families had resented all this gloomy guessing; some also resented the State Department's continued concern about their mental readjustment. "I feel they're watching us so we can be the subject of a paper," complained Army Sergeant Donald Hohman, of West Sacramento, Calif. "I don't want to be a case study." Said Richard Morefield of San Diego about the Government therapists "They were prepared for basket cases, and that was only prudent. But I think that what they're going to learn is that there simply is no 'Iran syndrome.' "

The long separation probably did aggravate the problems of couples whose marriages already had been strained. A few of the returnees said that they felt the need for psychiatric help. There was some speculation at Greenbrier that perhaps the returnees facing the most serious readjustment problems were among those who had declined to attend, though many might just as logically have stayed away because they felt that they needed no help. None of the Marines showed up, perhaps because, as Marine Colonel James I. Cooper, commanding officer of all the Marine security guards, contended, "What some soft-living State Department type might consider torture is just normal living conditions for a Marine." That brought a reply from a State Department spokesman that the diplomatic personnel at the Tehran embassy actually were treated far more harshly than the Marines. Among the absentees, one former hostage simply paid his respects: Navy Commander Donald Sharer, now stationed at a nearby Virginia military base, buzzed the resort spectacularly in a low-flying F-14 jet fighter

Many of the returnees said the main lure in attending was to enjoy a vacation

Swift and new friend at Greenbrier

No yearning to be a case study.

at the 200-year-old haven, which covers 6,500 scenic acres sprinkled with horse-riding trails, tennis courts, swimming pools and a championship golf course. The hotel provided free rooms and services; airlines flew in the guests gratis. The setting was about as far removed from Tehran's "Mushroom Inn" cells as a former hostage could hope to find

Many of the returned Americans have already resumed their diplomatic or military careers. Of the nine Marines released in January, only one, Sergeant Rodney Sickmann of Washington, Mo., has accepted the offer of an early discharge. Embassy Chargé d'Affaires L. Bruce Laingen rebuffs reports that he will run for public office. "He'd be good at it," said his wife Penelope. "But how could I leave the foreign service?" he countered Richard Queen, of Lincolnville, Me., whose multiple sclerosis is in indefinite remission, is back at a State Department desk in Washington while awaiting a prized post as an ambassadorial aide in London. Says he: "I don't want any more pressure, any more tension."

Kathryn Koob, of Jessup, Iowa, will soon take up a new assignment in New York City with the International Communications Agency. Her adjustment, she says, has been mainly in trying to find a new apartment and new credit cards —"the same kind of thing you go through when you have your purse stolen." She does get a bit miffed when autograph seekers call her Ann, confusing her with Elizabeth Ann Swift, with whom she spent her captivity. Swift, of Washington, D.C., is fighting gamely to keep from regaining weight she lost as a hostage

As with most other citizens, a main concern of the returnees has been their finances. Some are picking up extra income as lecturers, and a few are writing books. A rule that Government employees cannot earn more than $25,000 in outside income in any year has been changed so that the former hostages can spread their book and lecture payments over enough years to stay under the ceiling. The unmarried hostages faced a bonanza in accumulated back pay, while paychecks for others continued to go to their wives and children. Several ex-captives have filed lawsuits against Iran for holding them illegally, though that kind of liability was waived in the agreement between the U.S. and Iran that brought the hostages their release. The lawsuits in effect challenge the constitutionality of the agreement

At Greenbrier, Louisa Kennedy, wife of former Hostage Moorhead Kennedy, announced that the hostage family group she helped found, called FLAG (Family Liaison Action Group) will now concentrate on gaining financial compensation for the returned Americans. Pending such financial aid, the State Department last week conferred its second highest honor, the Award of Valor, on the Marine guards and diplomatic personnel who had been seized. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Susan Schindehette/White Sulphur Springs*

Richard Queen, Bruce Laingen and Jerry Plotkin, far right, arriving at West Virginia resort

Mayor Jackson to FBI Director Webster: "We need Washington's help, not more problems"

A Break in the Investigation?

The police and the feds are at odds in Atlanta

It seemed in part the news Atlanta had been waiting for. In a statement that brought banner headlines and modest hope to the city's residents and their green-ribboned sympathizers around the country, FBI Director William Webster announced that four of the 23 murders of Atlanta children committed since mid-1979 had been "substantially solved." Webster said that these slayings were not related to the twelve to 16 believed to have been committed by one mass murderer. But, in the case of four, he said: "We're satisfied we know the cause and the persons responsible."

That was news to Atlanta Public Safety Commissioner Lee Brown, coordinator of the local investigation. Not so, said he: "If we had a case that was solvable, you can be assured that we would have made that arrest." If the commissioner was annoyed about that possibly careless FBI disclosure, his boss, Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, was incensed. In a letter to the FBI director, Jackson suggested that Webster "consider the impact of your casual press statements, [which] undermine the public's confidence in our investigation and create a great deal of misdirected media speculation and invective." Added Jackson: "We need Washington's help, not more problems."

But there were more to come. The following day, after addressing a civic club in Macon, Ga., FBI Agent Michael Twibell not only endorsed Director Webster's statements as "right on target" with "full facts behind him" but went on to finger one category of suspects. "Some of those kids were killed by their parents," Twibell remarked. The motive: the children had been "nuisances."

This latest FBI disclosure widened the rift between the agency and Atlanta authorities. Branding such a statement as "irresponsible," Brown said that "if I find anybody who works for me who gives out information that jeopardizes the investigation, I will see the person never gets another job in law enforcement."

The FBI, however, does not work for Brown. The agency has dutifully been coordinating its investigation with local authorities, but it does not have an agent assigned full time to the Atlanta task force, as do state and county agencies. The FBI's inquiry is separate and, judging from last week's exchanges, perhaps sufficiently competitive to turn the race to solve the murders into a race to solve them first. Observed one investigator close to the case: "All of these agencies have big egos."

Despite the controversy they provoked, the FBI statements appear to be consistent with some of the findings in the investigation so far. TIME Atlanta Bureau Chief Joseph N. Boyce has verified that family members have indeed been suspects in at least three of the murders (although evidence is still insufficient to warrant an indictment in any of them), and that some of the 23 victims were involved with adult homosexuals. Timothy Hill, a slain 13-year-old, reportedly told an adult confidant that he had had such liaisons. At least three other victims may also have had homosexual relationships, possibly for money. Police are now using computers to compare the addresses of homosexual ex-convicts with the home addresses of victims and with the locations where their bodies were found. They are also searching for a middle-aged black man with a false-looking mustache. An individual of that description was the last person seen with Larry Rogers, the boy whose body was the 23rd and most recent one found ■

Drive Against 55

Some states are flooring it

When Richard Nixon signed into law the Emergency Highway Energy Conservation Act in 1974, it seemed to be one of those rare, unimpeachably wise legislative acts: the measure made 55 m.p.h. the national speed limit. Since automobiles operate more efficiently and far more safely at 55 than at higher speeds, the limit has in seven years saved more than 20 billion gal. of gasoline and as many as 60,000 lives.

Now, however, the 55 m.p.h. speed limit appears headed for a stretch of rough pavement. Bills to raise or circumvent the speed limit are under consideration in more than a score of state legislatures, particularly in the West, where ornery "sagebrush rebellion" sentiment fuels anger at all kinds of federal impositions. In some states, highway patrolmen are looking the other way as speeders pass. In others, such as Texas and California, fast drivers greatly outnumber police available to stop them. Last week in Nevada, a state consisting almost entirely of wide open spaces, the Governor signed a bill that makes speeders caught going no more than 70 subject to only a token $5 "energy wasting" fine. (If clocked any faster, Nevadans will still be cited for speeding.) Montana has legally flouted the national limit since 1974 with a similar statute. Says newly unleashed Las Vegas Driver Dennis Gomes: "Here it's not like one of those Eastern states where the population density is so much greater and it's maybe 55 miles from one end of the state to the other. I would rather have a little risk and get to where I'm going faster."

According to the National Safety Council, heavy-footed Nevadans and Montanans face chilling risks on their highways: those states' automobile death rates are respectively first and third highest in the U.S., several times greater than in 47-mile-long Rhode Island, for instance. In February, when a bill to institute a higher speed limit in Georgia was under debate, State Representative Benson Ham bitterly opposed the measure on accident-prevention grounds. Snapped Ham at one of his antagonists in the legislature: "I'm not surprised to see a funeral director speaking for this bill." The move was defeated. Police in many states enthusiastically support the lower limit. Says Maryland State Police Captain Milton Taylor: "Here in the Northeast Corridor we've got so much congestion that it's almost impossible to drive sanely at more than 55." Taylor concedes that there are regional differences. "Out in the prairie states or the Southwest they've got the stretch-

SPACE SHUTTLE.

VANAGON

ing room for a higher speed limit."

Arizona and North Dakota have moved to raise their limits, but only if the federal maximum is raised or repealed. And, in fact, Republican S.I. Hayakawa recently introduced a repeal bill in the U.S. Senate. Yet the Reagan Administration does not intend to press the issue, even though last year's Republican Party platform included a call for removal of the national 55 m.p.h. limit. The federal official in charge of making the limit stick, Highway Administrator Ray Barnhart, is a reluctant taskmaster. Says he: "I think it's a stinking law, but I'm going to enforce it." His means are potent: if the feds determine from periodic speed checks that more than half of a state's drivers are ignoring the limit, U.S. highway funds can be reduced. In the case of Texas, for example, lax enforcement —about 70% of Texas drivers are speeders —should technically trigger an annual loss of $8 million.

Proponents of a higher speed limit sometimes make a perverse fiscal argument against conservation. As South Carolina State Representative Eugene Stoddard explains, "Driving faster hurts gas mileage. More gas would be used, and that would increase our gas tax revenue." Indeed, in each year since 1974, the states have collectively been deprived of perhaps $250 million in taxes on the 3.4 billion gal. of gas a 55 m.p.h. speed limit is said to save annually. Admits Colorado State Representative Bob Stephenson: "Money drives this issue." Perhaps. Yet it is mostly the myth that citizens have some divine right to barrel down the highway unfettered by law or prudence that makes a good idea seem dangerously un-American. ■

Americana

Poles Apart

Criminals are not known for following the daily fluctuations of commodities markets, but they do have a sense of the value of things. When copper prices begin to climb, urban vandals start pulling pipes out of abandoned apartment buildings. Gold prices soar, and thieves start ripping necklaces off passers-by. Now, with aluminum prices on the rise (up 36% since 1979), black market entrepreneurs are starting to chop down and steal streetlight poles.

South Florida is becoming the heart of darkness. In Dade County this year, at least 200 aluminum poles have been stolen from storage yards or felled at roadside with axes and blowtorches. Police estimate that the 40-ft., 300-lb. poles, which cost the county $1,500 each to replace, bring anywhere from 40¢ to $1 per lb. on the black market.

Police in Miami recently caught one man near an expressway ramp cutting up a fallen pole with a blowtorch and loading the pieces onto a pickup truck. An even bolder thief was caught at 4 a.m. by Highway Patrol Corporal Edward Fletcher with an intact pole strapped to the side of a Datsun. "It wouldn't take a great police mind to figure out that one," said Fletcher.

So far, no traffic accidents have been attributed to the missing poles. But who knows what may happen if the thefts continue. Dade County, which encompasses Miami and many of its suburbs, has only four workers to maintain—and replace —8,000 poles.

House for Sale, $100

Larry Austgen, 31, of South Holland, Ill., is a contractor by trade, but a gambler by nature. Two years ago, Austgen built his first speculative house in suburban Chicago's posh Plum Valley: a luxury 2,400-sq.-ft. brick home guaranteed, he thought, to have the buyers lining up. Wrong. By the time it was built in August 1979, soaring mortgage rates and a souring real estate market had made a lemon of Austgen's plum. The house, appraised by realtors at $147,000, sat unsold for more than 18 months. Then Austgen had a sporting proposition: Why not let others take a chance on the house? He talked the South Holland Jaycees into raffling it off for $100 a ticket, of which $15 would go to charity. A minimum of 1,650 tickets (but no more than 1,800) had to be sold or the money would be refunded.

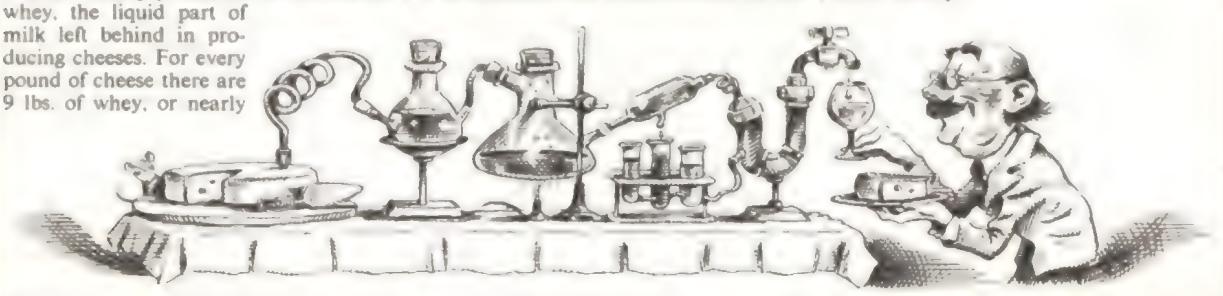
The drawing is not until June 6, but Austgen is sure no refunds will be needed. The prospect of getting the house for only $100 has people snapping up three and four tickets apiece. The Jaycees are delighted. Charity is served. And Austgen stands to gain at least $140,250.

Making Whey

First came TV dinners, then pantyhose and now the ultimate cocktail convenience: wine and cheese, all in one bottle, and environmentally sound to boot.

Cheesemakers are always trying to find something profitable to make from whey, the liquid part of milk left behind in producing cheeses. For every pound of cheese there are 9 lbs. of whey, or nearly 40 billion lbs. in America each year. Half has industrial uses, but half goes to waste. Environmental laws forbid dumping it in rivers. So some major cheesemakers maintain vast, costly, smelly lagoons of decomposing whey.

Cornell Food Science Professor Frank V. Kosikowski now claims to have the answer: wine made from whey. The potion, says Kosikowski, is "brilliantly clear, pale yellow, tart and dry, with a subdued aroma and bouquet." And versatile. "If baked at 150° F for two to three weeks, the wine becomes whey sherry of a rich, amber color. It can also be distilled and aged to become brandy."



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FRANCE

Giscard Runs Scared

In a close election, the President is the issue

A determined Candidate Giscard d'Estaing during a campaign rally in Nancy in eastern France

The scene seldom varies wherever the campaigning candidate appears. The lights dim in the hall. Thunder rolls from stereophonic speakers. Jagged streaks of lightning flash on movie screens. Then comes an apocalyptic parade of images depicting a world in crisis. Ayatullah Khomeini, mobs and mullahs. Soviet troops in Afghanistan. Pillars of black smoke from the Iran-Iraq war. Scenes of terrorist violence in Italy and Spain. "There are wars you can see," a narrator intones. "And others that are devious." Japanese-built motorbikes in front of a Paris dealership make a point about trade war. A shot of Middle East oil wells suggests the energy crunch.

Then, as the backdrop shifts to fluffy clouds against an azure sky, the voice says, "But France remains calm." A series of happy scenes shows Frenchmen picking grapes, at work in modern factories, riding horses, playing soccer. A crescendo: French-made washing machines, Renault cars, film stars and ballet scenes spell out progress and the good life. Then comes the man who claims responsibility for this idyllic island of well-being in a time of global torment: President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, 55, pictured at his desk in the Elysée Palace, meeting foreign leaders, affably mixing with ordinary citizens. "France has found its face," concludes the narration. "With this face it is at peace with itself." The audience cheers. The lights go up—and Candidate Giscard, accompanied by his wife Anne-Aymone, rises smiling to the podium.

It is magisterial theater, and a forceful part of Giscard's campaign for a second seven-year term when presidential elections are held in two rounds of voting, on April 26 and May 10. But the aura of confidence is deceptive. Giscard is no longer the certain victor he once appeared to be; with only days to go before the first round, he is on the defensive.

He is being effectively challenged from both the left and the right. On the left, his closest rival, perennial Socialist Candidate François Mitterrand, 64, a narrow loser in the presidential election of 1974 and parliamentary vote of 1978, has been gnawing away at Giscard's centrist support. Behind him, Communist Candidate Georges Marchais, 60, is fighting to improve on the 20.55% his party obtained in 1978. On the right, Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac, 48, leader of the Neo-Gaullists, has made surprising advances among conservatives and suddenly emerged as a still unlikely, but just possible, second-round challenger to Giscard.

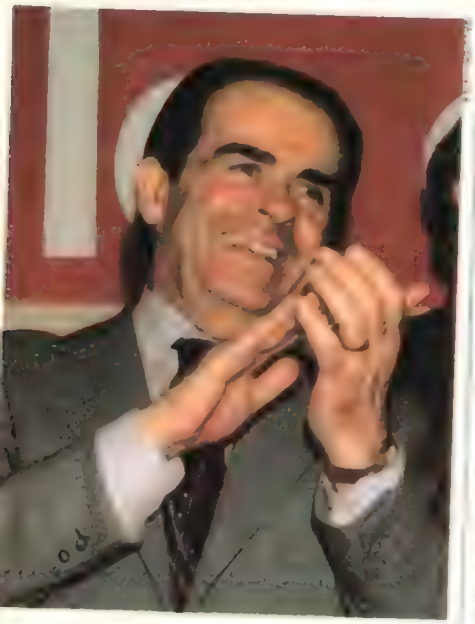
The political erosion is apparent in the opinion polls. Five months ago, Giscard was expected to take 35% of the vote in the first round and 59% in the second-round runoff between the two top vote getters. Now four polls give him only 27% to 28% in the first round. For the decisive second round, two polls showed Mitterrand winning with 51% and 54%. Another saw Giscard gaining a slim victory, while a fourth predicted a dead heat. Giscard appeared to acknowledge that his campaign was in trouble by calling his top strategists to the Elysée Palace for a presidential dressing down.

The striking paradox about Giscard's slump is that under his leadership France in 1981 is one of the world's most prosperous nations. The French standard of living has risen more in the past seven years than that of any other country except Japan. Slums are rare. The world's most ambitious nuclear energy program is well under way, making France the only nation in Western Europe capable of reducing significantly its dependence on ever costlier oil. "The country looks good," says a Western diplomat in Paris. "The quality of life is marvelous."

The trouble is that French voters, like those everywhere, do not compare their lot with that of other nations. After seven years under Giscard, the electorate is restless, irritable, uneasily calculating the risks of change. Unemployment has risen from 441,000 in 1974 to 1.66 million, and many voters hold Giscard responsible. Finally, it is Giscard—his style and his performance—who has become the primary issue in the campaign.

It has been difficult for Giscard to counter a steady stream of attacks against his presidential style and personality. He remains a surprisingly enigmatic figure for many Frenchmen. Is he a liberal reformer or a conservative? Even his supporters disagree. Does he favor firmness or conciliation toward the Soviet Union? The answer is not clear; some of the President's policies seem refined to the point of ambivalence. Mitterrand accuses him of a monarchical style of government. Chirac, Giscard's former Premier, snipes

Socialist Leader François Mitterrand; below, Communist Leader Georges Marchais



Neo-Gaullist Leader Jacques Chirac

away at what he sees as Giscard's vacillation and weakness in foreign affairs. Michel Debré, a Premier under Charles de Gaulle and a marginal presidential candidate, accuses Giscard of "anesthetizing" France with reassurances instead of inspiring it to greater efforts.

Giscard's aloof and occasionally haughty personality clearly has not endeared him to many of his countrymen, even if they respect his intellect—and, at times, his courage. Last week, as he stepped from a jet in Ajaccio, Corsica, a bomb blast ripped through the airport terminal. An emotional Giscard denounced the attack as "cowardly" and vowed not to waver from his schedule. Such rare passionate moments aside, however, even one of the President's most trusted aides admits that "he has not won the hearts of Frenchmen. Giscard is from the Auvergne region, where the people are known for holding in their emotions." Indeed, the President rarely seems genuinely comfortable with crowds while campaigning. "He's not a speaker for the masses," notes Harvard University Professor Stanley Hoffmann, a longtime observer of French politics. "He's not exactly the warmest person either." Even on television—where his confidence and lucidity come across best—Giscard cannot shake what many see as a handicap: a quasi-aristocratic background, suggested by the "d'Estaing" suffix borrowed from an extinct noble family. "Two centuries after the revolution, the French still don't like aristocrats," says a Paris banker.

To be fair, Giscard tried, at least at first. In 1974 he played the accordion in public, dressed in a V-neck sweater, rode the Paris Métro—a formidable effort at creating a sense of California-style informality. He walked instead of riding in state down the Champs-Elysées for his inauguration. On one occasion he invited a group of Paris garbage men to the Elysée Palace for breakfast. Such superficial tokens of change may have pleased the young, but they were too much for tradition-minded Frenchmen who greeted the new style with ridicule. Explains a Western diplomat in Paris: "The French don't want a Jimmy Carter–like President." Wounded, Giscard dropped his experiments and withdrew to the dignity of his office.

In his revised vision of the presidential role, Giscard can be haughty and even arrogant. No better example exists than the furor aroused by a gift of diamonds he received from former Central African Despot Jean-Bédel Bokassa. When the issue was first raised in October 1979, Giscard stubbornly refused to divulge details. Last month the President disingenuously justified the delay in facing the issue by saying that "no one ever asked me the question." He said that the diamonds had been sold, and the proceeds donated to charity. That donation, it turned out, was made only a month before Giscard's explanation—and a full 15 months after the issue was first raised. Giscard's Olympian conception of his office reaches even into the protocol of the Elysée Palace. At state dinners he has been known to insist on the regal deference of being served first, even when his guests include national leaders and women. One guest happened to be both: British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. Giscard claims that he ordered his staff to follow the same rules of protocol as in the era of Charles de Gaulle, but in fact De Gaulle was always served last at table.

Another voter concern focuses on the power he has accumulated during his term. Few disagree that he has concentrated presidential authority to a greater degree than either De Gaulle or Georges Pompidou, his two Fifth Republic predecessors. "France is governed by an elected sovereign, a republican monarch, almost an enlightened despot," writes French Journalist Alain Duhamel. "[Giscard] is at the same time the Queen of England and Her Majesty's Prime Minister."

In Giscard's France, parliament has relatively little power. It has managed to discourage Giscard from pursuing some of his legislative projects. Since only 119 members of his 274-seat ruling parliamentary coalition are formal Giscard supporters, he has on occasion tactically withdrawn from a potential fray. Giscard's Premier, Raymond Barre, however, has used special constitutional powers to ram through government budgets over the grumbling of Gaullist allies. Says Giscard: "I have exercised my powers as they are conferred by the constitution. These critics are trying to weaken power. I say it bluntly: those who want weak power in France should not vote for me."

For a man endowed with such powers, Giscard has conducted a foreign policy more notable for subtlety than clarity. At heart he remains loyal to Gaullist traditions: independence and a strong French presence on the international scene. Where Giscard differs from De Gaulle, says Hoffmann, is in his desire to be "the universal Mister Nice Guy—a thankless task."

Well before the campaign officially began last week, Giscard was coming under heavy fire for what many considered to be lapses of diplomatic judgment. Chief among them was his sudden decision last May—taken without consulting his allies—to fly to Warsaw for an impromptu meeting with Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev. Giscard now says that the purpose of his trip was to tell Brezhnev in no uncertain terms that "détente would not survive another blow similar to the invasion of Afghanistan." His critics charged that he looked like an appeaser. "It was a serious diplomatic blunder," Mitterrand said.

The same ambiguity has hampered Giscard at home. He began his mandate with a bold series of reforms. Within 26 months he lowered the French minimum voting age from 21 to 18, liberalized divorce laws and legalized abortion. Then his zeal flagged. Giscard has not changed a tax system that he once denounced as favoring the rich. Nor has he reformed the notoriously centralized French government. A close confidant of the President explains that "Giscard simply has become more realistic about the speed with which change can take place."

The economy was another question. "Given France's problems and limits, Giscard probably has done as well with it as anyone could," says Hoffmann in a judgment that is widely shared by foreign observers. Yet Giscard faltered at the start. For the first 27 months of his term, the government failed to react adequately to quadrupled international oil prices. Resorting to classic pump-priming methods, it fueled inflation, while the franc weakened. The President then turned to hard-nosed Premier Barre, a decision that has been described as "the best Giscard has made in seven years."

Barre applied strong medicine: austerity, tighter credit, cutbacks in social spending. At the same time, he and the President tried to restore a greater measure of free enterprise to the centrally controlled French economy. The treatment won admiration abroad, but not much love at home. Polls show that 65% of Frenchmen have no confidence in Barre's performance. On the other hand, only 52% hold the same view of Giscard.

No one in Giscard's entourage has any doubt that a disgruntled electorate will punish the President in the first election round. In next month's runoff, though, his advisers are counting on French apprehensions, rather than gratitude or affection, to win Giscard another seven years in the Elysée. "Where Mitterrand represents adventure," says one aide, "Giscard stands for security. He may be cold, but he's a pilot." That reasoning is an appeal to Gallic logic at a time when many voters seem tempted to exercise their equally French passions. —*By Frederick Painton. Reported by Henry Muller/Paris*

BRITAIN

Soul Searching in Scorched Ruins

The Brixton riots stir a wave of anguish and recrimination

As policemen and housewives sifted through the scorched rubble in the South London neighborhood of Brixton last week, some oldtimers were reminded of the damage caused by the blitz in World War II. This time the damage was self-inflicted. For three nights, the crowded, hardscrabble neighborhood of 62,000 had been torn by the worst interracial rioting the country had ever experienced. Gangs of predominantly black West Indian youths hurled rocks and Molotov cocktails at hundreds of riot police. Waves of other youngsters took part in an orgy of burning and looting. By the time a tense calm finally returned to Brixton, the toll of violence was stark: 149 police injured, one of whom remained unconscious days later; 58 civilians hurt; 120 buildings damaged, including nine that were completely destroyed; 47 stores looted; 224 people arrested. The total property damage was estimated to be as high as $4.4 million.

Britain as a whole was swept up in a wave of shock and recrimination. In the House of Commons, Home Secretary William Whitelaw reported on a personal visit to Brixton, conducted during a lull in the rioting, and announced that a respected and nonpartisan peer, former Jurist Lord Scarman, would investigate the causes of the violence. Firebrand M.P. Enoch Powell, a Tory turned Ulster Unionist and a longtime opponent of nonwhite immigration to Britain, warned that "you have seen nothing yet." Five M.P.s demanded "a vigorous policy" of subsidized repatriation of nonwhite immigrants. The ruckus spread as far away as New Delhi, where Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, on an official visit to India, was confronted by demonstrators protesting Britain's new immigration restrictions. A group of 25 pickets was arrested after throwing placards at her limousine.

What caused the riots? What could be done to prevent a recurrence? What did it all say about the kind of multiracial society that Britain has become after absorbing 1.9 million nonwhite immigrants since the 1950s? A similar social explosion occurred a year ago in the seaport city of Bristol, where a police drug raid on a café provoked both blacks and whites to take to the streets. Twenty-one policemen and nine civilians were injured in clashes, but property damage was far less extensive than in Brixton. To many analysts, unemployment and poor housing were the common denominators in both cases. A key difference, however, is that Brixton is now known as London's Harlem. Since the '50s it has been a traditional settlement area for West Indian immigrants, because it is close to the center of London and also offers cheap and plentiful housing. About one-third of Brixton's residents are black, and in some areas the concentration reaches 70%. Among young blacks in Brixton, the unemployment rate is 67%, compared with a 27%

Melancholy residents in front of gutted buildings in "London's Harlem"

What did it say about the kind of multiracial society the nation has become?

rate among Brixton youths in general.

A more immediate cause of the riots, according to many Brixtonians, was the provocative behavior of the overwhelmingly white British police force (only 286 blacks and Asians belong to the 117,000-member police force in England and Wales). In the past two years Brixton had been targeted by the London police as a high-crime area deserving of special attention. An average of 90 burglaries, muggings and assaults occurred there each week.

Two weeks ago, in an operation known as Swamp '81, 150 plainclothes police, along with 50 uniformed bobbies, were staked out in the worst areas of the neighborhood to combat the crime wave. In the first four days of their operation, the police made 150 arrests. In doing so, they stopped and questioned more than 1,000 people, invoking Britain's 150-year-old Sus (for suspect) law. The statute allows the police to question and even detain random suspects if there is reason to believe they may be planning to commit a crime. Overuse of the Sus law is a frequent complaint, not only in Brixton but elsewhere in the country. Blacks are twice as likely as whites to be arrested under the law, and black community leaders in Brixton claim that harassment rates run far higher than that. In Brixton, moreover, the law appears to have been used more widely than anywhere else. Said one white Brixton youth, who claimed to have been searched eleven times: "I've lived in lots of areas of London, and I've never known repression like you get here."

Thus there were indications that police action had helped to fan the other resentments smoldering in the neighborhood. Indeed, just three months ago, the borough of Lambeth, where Brixton is located, had investigated police-community relations in the area and found them "extremely grave." A Lambeth committee had recommended that the Sus law be abolished. Then Parliament indicated that it would prepare the necessary legislation for effective repeal, but it was still pondering the legislation when Brixton exploded. What added a final poignancy to the violence was the fact that the extra police details in Brixton were to have been withdrawn within a very few days.

Whatever the government finally decides, Home Secretary Whitelaw indicated that it would not abandon its monetarist austerity for the sake of financial subsidies to depressed areas like Brixton. Said Whitelaw: "The idea that you can buy your way out of problems in different areas I don't believe to be sound, and the Americans have found it that way." Britons may now be finding out something else that the U.S. has already discovered: the road to racial harmony is long and arduous. —*By George Russell. Reported by James Shepherd/London*

Peasant demonstrators marching through Czestochowa in support of Rural Solidarity

POLAND

"Fighting for an Idea"

Toward a farmers' union—and new headaches for Warsaw

After eight months of determined struggle, marked by protest demonstrations, sit-ins and even threats of mass crop strikes, Poland's private farmers last week finally won the promise of legal recognition for Rural Solidarity, the 800,000-member independent agricultural union. The unprecedented agreement, signed by government negotiators and peasant leaders at an emotional ceremony in the northwestern city of Bydgoszcz, called for the union's registration by May 10.

A parliamentary commission had recommended legalizing the farm union earlier in the week, but last-minute quibbles delayed the agreement for three more days, and tensions began to rise. On the eve of the signing, 100 farmers took over a municipal building in nearby Inowroclaw, not unlike the 100 or so other protesters who had already been occupying the Bydgoszcz headquarters of the government-controlled United Peasants' Party for a month. The breakthrough finally came when peasant leaders agreed to refrain from staging new protests and to recognize the leading role of the Communist Party in their forthcoming charter. Nonetheless, the accord had all the makings of a severe new headache for Warsaw: Poland's Communist leaders were faced with another *de facto* power center outside their control, alongside the church and the 10 million-strong trade-union federation, Solidarity.

As if that were not enough, the party leaders also had to contend with a potentially more dangerous erosion of power within their own ranks. Last week some 500 delegates from local Communist Party cells throughout Poland converged on a university lecture hall in the northern city of Torun, birthplace of the astronomer Copernicus, for an extraordinary conference on party reform. Speaker after speaker at the eight-hour meeting criticized Warsaw's Communist leadership for failing to carry out its promised "renewal." Calling for greater democratization within the party, one delegate declared, "We are fighting for an idea. The top people in the party fight only for their jobs."

All the speeches conveyed a common theme: the channels of party control should flow up from the rank and file instead of down from the leadership. It was a heretical challenge to the Leninist principle of "democratic centralism." The delegates put their ideas into concrete form in a near unanimous resolution calling for, among other things, leadership changes and the direct election of delegates to July's party congress.

Moscow could hardly take such heresies lightly. Even before the Torun gathering, *Pravda* had stepped up its attacks on those within the Polish party who held "views foreign to a Marxist-Leninist party." In the view of many Western analysts, the liberal evolution of the Polish party could pose a far more serious threat to the Soviets than the independent labor movement. Indeed, the situation seemed increasingly to resemble that of Czechoslovakia in 1968, when a party-led reform movement finally brought on a Soviet-led invasion. In the case of Poland, the immediate invasion threat appeared to be receding last week; State Department officials confirmed that most Warsaw Pact units had returned to their barracks after three weeks of intimidating maneuvers in and around Poland. But Moscow was maintaining strong political pressure on Warsaw's leaders to resist further reform.

Those efforts do not seem to have been very successful so far. For the past month, TIME has learned, the Soviets have been urging Warsaw to impose martial law. But the Poles have refused, arguing that such a move would almost certainly provoke a general strike. That, they fear, would in turn force the Soviets to invade. At the same time, Soviet efforts to shore up the hard-lining members of the Polish Politburo, Stefan Olszowski and Tadeusz Grabski, also appear to be faltering. According to one well-informed Polish official, the two might soon be purged from the party leadership—if the Soviets allow events to take their course. ■

EL SALVADOR

Arrests at Last

Break in a triple murder

It was the sort of assassination that has become a terrifying commonplace in war-torn El Salvador. One evening last January, two American labor lawyers, Michael Hammer and Mark David Pearlman, were having dinner in San Salvador's Sheraton Hotel with José Rodolfo Viera, head of the country's controversial land reform program. Suddenly, two men armed with automatic pistols walked into the dining room and opened fire, killing the three men, then turned and unperturbedly walked out. Like thousands of other killings, these seemed destined to go unsolved. Last week, almost four months after the murders, there appeared to be a major break in the case.

Salvadoran Suspect Hans Christ in Miami

Damning testimony from a hotel waitress.

FBI agents in Miami, acting on the request of the Salvadoran government, arrested Hans Christ, 30, a Salvadoran businessman, for possible extradition in connection with the murders. His arrest followed the seizure in El Salvador a week earlier of Ricardo Sol Meza, 35, a wealthy industrialist and, significantly enough, part owner of the San Salvador Sheraton. The arrests were based in part on the testimony of a hotel waitress who had witnessed the murders.

At a preliminary hearing in Miami last week, Christ vehemently maintained his innocence, though he admitted having dined in the hotel that night and having been joined afterward by Sol Meza, a relative by marriage. When the shooting occurred, Christ said, he ran to the dining room from another part of the hotel. Despite his protestations, Christ remained in a Miami jail pending another hearing this week.

The killings of four other Americans in El Salvador—three nuns and a lay worker who were found shot to death near the international airport last December—are still under investigation by the Salvadoran government, with precious little to show for it. The FBI and other independent investigators have amassed a quantity of evidence, including 16 sets of fingerprints taken from the nuns' vehicle, and ballistics tests on the bullets that killed the women. Many of these clues point to the possible implication of members of the Salvadoran security forces, who were on highway patrol near the airport that night. Some of these men have now been fingerprinted, but no actual arrests are believed to be imminent. "We keep talking to the government about the case," said a U.S. embassy official, "and we consider it very much open." But he admitted that the pace of the progress is "glacial." ■

DIPLOMACY

Bumpy Mission

Rough start in Africa

The Reagan Administration's stance toward Africa has been one of the most hotly debated aspects of its emerging foreign policy. Thus, it seemed like a sound idea to send Chester Crocker, who was recently designated as Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, on an extensive tour of both black Africa and white-supremacist South Africa. As it turned out, however, he encountered a bumpy reception in both camps. The rebuffs dramatized the difficulty of the Reagan Administration's attempt, as Crocker put it, to "walk the line" between South Africa and its hostile neighbors.

Crocker was snubbed at the outset by Mozambique's President Samora Machel, who simply refused to meet with him. He spent several days trying to assure black African leaders that there would be no "tilt or endorsement of apartheid." For his pains, he then received a less than enthusiastic welcome from the South Africans. An expected meeting with Prime Minister P.W. Botha, for instance, conspicuously failed to materialize. "It doesn't suit us," Botha was quoted as saying about Crocker's solicitous meetings with black African leaders. Thus, on both counts, it seemed to be an inauspicious start for the Reagan Administration's Africa policy.

Crocker's eleven-country expedition was aimed at testing the Reagan Administration's proposed alternative to the failed U.N. plan for bringing independence to Namibia, the South African–administered protectorate. The U.N. plan, which was supported by the Carter Administration, had called for a U.N. peacekeeping force to monitor a cease-fire in the 14-year-old guerrilla war between the insurgent South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO) and South African forces. This was to have been followed by U.N.-supervised elections for a national assembly that would write a new Namibian constitution.

Now, in its stead, Crocker proposed that a constitutional convention, along the lines of the London conference that transformed Rhodesia into independent Zimbabwe, should be held prior to elections. The difference would be critical: under such a scheme, Namibia's predominantly white anti-SWAPO political parties, backed by South Africa, would be assured a role in a new Namibian government, even if they were defeated at the polls.

Not surprisingly, the Crocker plan drew sharp rebukes from the six "front line" states that support black nationalism in southern Africa. They see the proposal on Namibia as a stalling tactic designed to buy time for South Africa. Representatives of the six nations meeting in Luanda, Angola, jointly condemned "the U.S. intention to consolidate its relations with South Africa" and called for the immediate revival of the U.N. plan for Namibia "without delay, evasions, qualifications or modifications."

U.S. Envoy Crocker on arrival in Pretoria

The meeting degenerated into a tirade.

Obviously, the black leaders were not gratified by a concurrent development in South Africa last week. Two security policemen appeared at the Soweto home of outspoken black Anglican Bishop Desmond Tutu, one of the country's most influential civil rights advocates, and seized his passport. Tutu's apparent transgression: a recent tour of the U.S. and Europe during which he tried to bring foreign pressure to bear on the Botha government for an end to South Africa's apartheid policies. Said the unrepentant Tutu after politely handing over the travel document: "Nothing the government does will stop us from becoming free. Sooner or later—perhaps sooner than he thinks—the Prime Minister will be begging me to take back my passport and to intervene when things get rough." ■

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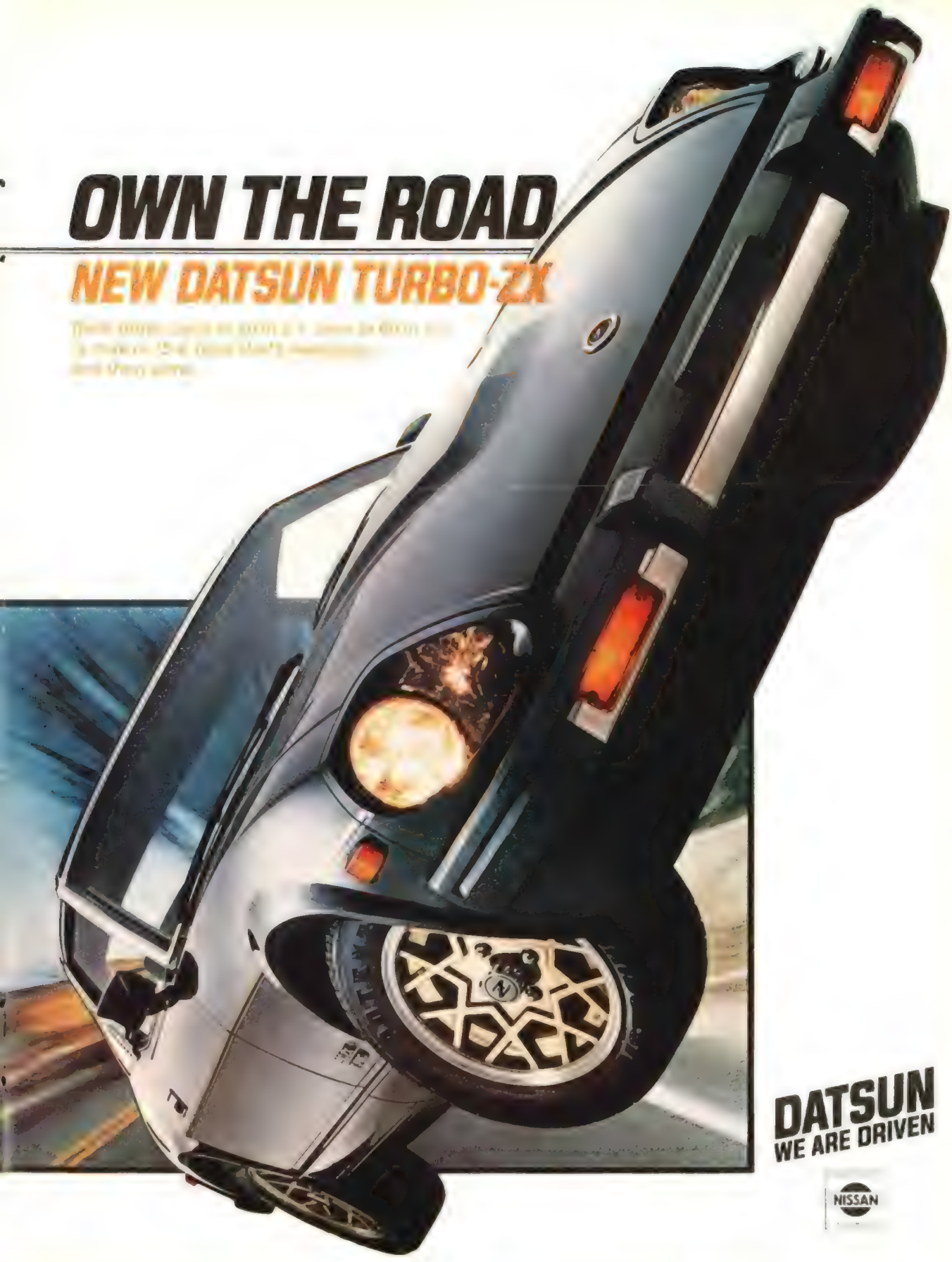

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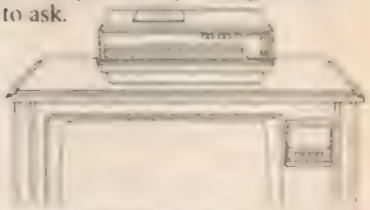

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AFGHANISTAN

A Shroud of Insecurity

After 16 months, the Soviets are still mired in stalemate

Moscow indicated last week that all is not going so well for its forces in Afghanistan. In an unusually candid article, the Soviet party daily, Pravda, *reported that episodes of major sabotage, roadblocks and ambushes of supply convoys had been carried out by rebel forces against Soviet and Afghan troops. Most worrisome to the Soviets was a new kind of nonmetallic mine that is not detectable by ordinary means. The rebels have been successfully planting the mines along major highways to blow up Soviet tanks and trucks. "Such a mine," said* Pravda, *"can be passed over by 40 trucks but the 41st will be blown up." After 16 months in Afghanistan, in fact, the 85,000 Soviet occupation troops still control only the capital of Kabul. Last week Indian Journalist Rajendra Sareen, editor of New Delhi's POT Analysis and News Service, returned from an eleven-day visit to Afghanistan, where he interviewed President Babrak Karmal, head of the Soviet-installed regime in Kabul. He gave* TIME *this report:*

For the capital of a country at war with itself, Kabul still has a surprising appearance of normality. Its shops are full, its currency (the afghani) reasonably sound, its merchants eager to do business. The bazaars, in fact, are full of consumer goods from around the world: tape recorders and calculators from Japan, jeans from the U.S., Harris Tweeds and Swiss chocolates from Europe. Fruit and vegetables and other foodstuffs are also plentiful. Soviet families, however, do not venture into public markets for fear of being attacked.

A shroud of insecurity hangs over the capital. It has been underscored by several alarming incidents in recent weeks. The first occurred in late January, when a group of pistol-packing youths forced their way into the United Nations staff house in the diplomatic section of Kabul, where a Saudi Arabian reception was taking place. The intruders locked up all the diplomats present, then made off with the building's sophisticated radio equipment, television sets and other valuables. The Saudis severed relations with Afghanistan after the incident, but the robbers have never been apprehended.

A few weeks later, bandits again launched a brazen operation, this time during the nightly curfew. They smashed locks and shutters on a number of prosperous shops in the Pushtun Market, and made off with more than $1 million worth of cash and jewelry. Functionaries of the ruling People's Democratic Party were quick to blame the crime on insurgents, who were said to be trying to embarrass the government. The rebels denied responsibility, insisting that only the official cadres could have acted with such impunity during the curfew.

In the wake of the incidents, other recent travelers report, the Soviets have taken over more responsibility for security in the city from the undermanned Afghan army. At 30,000, the army is less than half the strength of two years ago. Efforts to lure new recruits and persuade regulars to extend their tours of duty have not been very successful. Late last year, informed sources say, policemen rioted in Kabul when they were told that they would not be released from the force after two years of compulsory service. In the fracas, windows of the Soviet library and bookshop were broken. There have also been numerous instances of Afghan soldiers defecting to the rebels.

An Afghan rebel aiming a captured Soviet 82-mm mortar in Nangarhar province

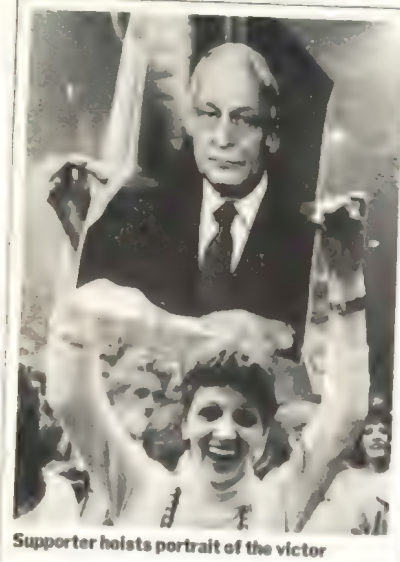
The only unifying issue seems to be a determination to send the Soviets home.

The insurgents, meanwhile, continue to operate throughout the countryside with near impunity. Indeed, the rebels seem to be better armed and equipped than they were a year ago. Their methods of operation are also increasingly sophisticated. About a third of the estimated 50,000 men that make up the various rebel groups launch their cross-border forays from tribal territories in Pakistan.

In a bid to stem the challenge posed by the stepped-up tempo of the insurgency, the Soviets last week sent reinforcements into Kandahar, a city of 125,000 in southern Afghanistan, and to the five provinces that border Pakistan and Iran. In part at least, the new Soviet operations, spearheaded by tanks and armored personnel carriers, were in response to the assassination last month of four Soviet advisers in Kandahar's main bazaar.

President Karmal, 51, whose political career has been checkered by purges, imprisonment and exile, comes across as a moderate who has little stomach for the intrigue that characterized the regimes of his two predecessors, Noor Mohammed Taraki and Hafizullah Amin. He said that his government would "warmly welcome" the scheduled visit of U.N. Special Representative Javier Pérez de Cuellar, who was due in Kabul as part of an ongoing search for a possible international settlement of the Afghanistan crisis. In that regard, Karmal also said that he was interested in bilateral talks with Pakistan, but, he added bitterly, "the governing military junta in Islamabad has no free will of its own." Pakistan, he said, was being used as a "tool and means of aggression against Afghanistan in an undeclared war by U.S. imperialists and Chinese hegemonists."

Karmal seems to realize that his regime cannot win support by military means. Recently, for instance, orders have gone out to government functionaries to try to encourage hostile villagers to remain in their homes and till their crops. But Karmal's credibility as a leader has been irreparably damaged by the fact that he rode to power on the strength of Soviet guns. Aside from a few men at the top, in fact, the only issue that seems to unite the Afghan people is their determination to send the Soviets home. The Soviets surely realize the depth of popular sentiment against them. As one Russian staying in the Kabul Hotel admitted: "We have got into a bad thing." ■



Supporter hoists portrait of the victor

CANADA

Lévesque Lives

Quebec re-elects a separatist

Along Montreal's bohemian Rue St. Denis, amid a joyous cacophony of automobile horns, youthful *Québecois* shouted, "Quebec for the Quebeckers!" and "We want a country!" Inside the cavernous Paul Sauvé Arena, a blue and white sea of waving Quebec flags hailed the stunning victory of Premier René Lévesque over his Liberal Party challenger Claude Ryan in last week's provincial-assembly election.

Not since Lévesque's *Parti Québecois* first swept to power 4½ years ago had there been such a spontaneous outpouring of French-Canadian nationalism. Coming only eleven months after voters delivered a resounding *non* in a referendum on the issue of Quebec separatism, the election amounted to political rebirth for Lévesque. It seemed to establish his party's vision of an independent Quebec as a driving force in national as well as provincial politics. Said the victor: "We are no longer an accident of history."

That judgment may prove to be somewhat premature. In fact, Lévesque, 58, based his campaign on a promise that he would seek no new separatist initiative during his second term. Instead, the personable former TV newsman shrewdly concentrated on his administration's corruption-free record, its successful reforms in agricultural and consumer policies and its plans for the province's economic development. His folksy, fast-talking style on the stump also provided an effective contrast to Liberal Ryan's relatively restrained and cerebral campaign discourses on the benefits of closer economic ties with the federal government in Ottawa.

Lévesque's tactics paid off handsomely: the *Parti Québecois* won an impressive 80 seats in the 122-seat legislature, compared with 67 in the outgoing assembly. Moreover, the victory was accepted with equanimity by the losers. There was no trace of the near panic that followed Lévesque's 1976 election, when many Quebeckers hastily transferred their assets to U.S. banks in fear of possible devaluation or other economic turmoil.

Whether Lévesque will be able to maintain his pledge to keep the troublesome genie of separatism in its bottle is another matter. Keenly aware of public sensitivities on the subject, Lévesque appears genuinely determined not to bring it up, at least until the 1985 elections. Says he, "People don't change their minds on a fundamental question like that in a few months. It's not like changing your shirt." His critics, however, are skeptical. Ryan warned Quebeckers last week that they could expect another four years "on the tightrope of uncertainty and confrontation." Canada's Health and Welfare Minister Monique Bégin, a political ally of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, called Lévesque "a wolf in sheep's clothing" and asserted flatly that "Lévesque cannot be trusted to keep his word."

Lévesque's victory could not have come at a worse time for Trudeau. His controversial constitutional reform package, initiated after the Quebec referendum to strengthen Canada's federal government, has been tied up for six months in Ottawa's Parliament. Six of the nation's ten provinces have challenged Trudeau's bill in provincial courts on the grounds that it would illegally curtail the traditional rights of the provincial governments. Moreover, Trudeau's efforts to bring provincial energy resources under greater federal control have sparked bitter separatist demonstrations in the oil- and gas-rich western provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. Lévesque's new mandate seemed certain to exacerbate such burgeoning anti-Ottawa sentiment

Last week eight provincial premiers, including the emboldened Lévesque, met in Ottawa to unveil their counterproposal for a "constitutional accord." At the insistence of Lévesque, the premiers approved a provision that would legally require the unanimous consent of provincial governments for some federal initiatives and allow provinces to opt out of others altogether. Both measures, of course, would ensure continued provincial leverage over the federal government—precisely what Trudeau is trying to avoid. Ironically, the premiers' initiative had been undercut the day before, when Quebec's supreme court became the second to approve the legality of Trudeau's proposed reforms. With a measure of renewed confidence, Trudeau went on television to denounce the whole provincial plan as "a victory for those who want to move Canada slowly toward disintegration." ■

DEFECTORS

Exit, *con Brio*

The Shostakoviches flee

"It is as if someone had returned to me a missing part of my body!" Cellist-Conductor Mstislav Rostropovich exclaimed in Washington. The Russian émigré maestro could be excused the hyperbole. Other Soviet figures have sought artistic freedom in the West, but few could match the poignant symbolism of last week's defection drama. In a stunning rebuff to Kremlin cultural politics, the son and grandson of the Soviet Union's most celebrated contemporary composer, the late Dmitri Shostakovich, decided to join Rostropovich in exile and petition the U.S. State Department for asylum.

The ultimate decision to defect was made while Orchestra Conductor Maxim Shostakovich, 42, and his son Dmitri, 19, a concert pianist, were on tour with the U.S.S.R. Television and Radio Symphony Orchestra in West Germany. Though Maxim Shostakovich seemed emotionally strained as he conducted a composition by his father, few if any in the audience of the Bavarian city of Fürth suspected what was afoot. During a post-concert dinner party in a nearby Nuremberg hotel, the Shostakoviches eluded the Soviet functionaries guarding the exits and slipped away to the local police station. There Maxim announced their intention to stay in the West. Later he called his old friend Rostropovich in Washington, who in turn informed the State Department of the musicians' desire to come to the U.S

News of the defection was received with dismayed silence in Moscow, where the name Shostakovich is revered. When an embittered posthumous volume of memoirs came out under the composer's name in the West in 1979, cultural bureaucrats sought to enlist his son in an effort to discredit the book and thus keep the official Shostakovich legend untarnished. Moscow acquaintances suggested that Maxim's frustration with his official role as keeper of his father's flame, and the increasing difficulty of obtaining visas for travel abroad, may have prompted him to take the step his troubled father had always found unthinkable. ■

Dmitri and Maxim Shostakovich

SOVIET UNION

Soap Opera

Shopping at the "Black Hole"

No less an authority than President Leonid Brezhnev has conceded that life for the Soviet consumer is not easy. But just how tough can it be? The Moscow weekly, *Literary Gazette*, dispatched Correspondent Vil Dorofeyev to Krasnodar, a typical provincial city 735 miles south of Moscow, to find out. Dorofeyev was instructed to take only the clothes on his back and a pad and pencil, and to buy everything else that he needed on the spot. The seemingly simple assignment turned into a soap opera, Soviet-style.

Dorofeyev noticed that something was amiss when passengers disembarking from the plane carried off bags crammed full of soap, shaving cream and shampoo. Could it be that Krasnodar was the home of the Great Unwashed? Odd, he thought, since an announcement during the flight had proudly identified their destination as the home of a large soap factory. Dorofeyev set out to see for himself with a toiletry-shopping tour.

When he asked one saleswoman for shaving cream, she impertinently told him: "We don't have any. If you want a shave, go to a barber shop." His search for soap took him 65 miles away to Novorossisk, where a few bars had been spotted in stores two weeks before. By the time he arrived, Novorossisk was out of soap but did have shampoo—for cars. After scouring shop shelves in both cities, all Dorofeyev could turn up for his trouble was a costly bottle of perfume named Luck and a child's toothbrush, which broke in two the first time he used it.

Footsore and filthy, Dorofeyev then discovered Krasnodar's black market. Here, at last, he found a wide assortment of cosmetics, underwear, socks, razors —"everything I could not find in the shops"—but all at inflated prices. A bar of Beautiful Moscow soap that sold for 60¢ when available in state-run stores was going for $2.25. The service on the black market, though, proved as surly as elsewhere. Snipped the soap seller: "Everything costs what it costs. If you don't like the price, don't wash." Said a defeated Dorofeyev: "I had to wash, so I paid."

And what about the soap from Krasnodar's much vaunted factory? Following a local tip that he "go to the Black Hole," Dorofeyev found a 10-ft. breach in the factory's brick wall, through which workers peddled pilfered bars of the precious commodity for $7.50 a case. Security at the plant was so lax that Dorofeyev managed to parade right out the main gate, his pockets bulging with ill-gotten goods, without drawing more than an indifferent glance from the guards. The moral of the tale for Soviet shoppers: if you want clean hands, grease some palms. ■

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY ARNIE LEVIN

CHINA

Mao's Mistakes

Assessing his legacy

Since his death 4½ years ago, Mao Tse-tung has come under increasing criticism from the comrades who succeeded him. They have spoken bluntly about the "errors" Mao made in his later years, and have even authorized the taking down of Mao statues and pictures all over China. Yet long lines still gather whenever the Great Helmsman's mausoleum in Peking's Tienanmen Square is opened to the public. What the Communist Party needed was a definitive perspective on Mao. That judgment appeared to have been handed down in a speech by a comrade of Mao's from the Long March days, Huang Kecheng, 82, head of the party's Central Discipline Inspection Committee.

Like Deputy Chairman Deng Xiaoping, who now guides China, Huang ended up on Mao's purge list. He was dismissed as Chief of Staff of the People's Liberation Army in 1959 for openly criticizing the shortcomings of Mao's Great Leap Forward. Not until Mao died was Huang readmitted to a party position.

Huang's speech actually was delivered last November. Its significance as party dictum was demonstrated by the fact that it was suddenly reprinted last week by major newspapers all over the country, commencing, significantly, with the *Liberation Army Daily*.

Huang is forthright about Mao's mistakes, but he also asks for understanding. The Chairman's two main errors, says Huang, were that in his later years he was too impatient for quick results and that "he handled contradictions within the party like contradictions with the enemy, so that bad elements were able to take him in. This resulted in ten years of great disorder during the Cultural Revolution."

Tracing the Great Helmsman's decline, Huang explains: "In his later years, he ceased to be prudent. He had little direct contact with the day-to-day life of the masses, and his democratic style suffered." Injecting some bitter personal memories, Huang recalls that "as far back as 1958, I had already found that his brain was overly concentrated. The cerebral tension caused him to make mistakes. He had great, lofty aspirations and hoped to accomplish things in a few years that may take several hundred years to do."

Mao swimming the Yangtze River in 1966

A suggestion: 70% right and 30% wrong.

Huang softens his criticism by suggesting that responsibility for what went wrong should not rest solely with Mao. "If we impute all the mistakes committed by our party to Chairman Mao, this does not conform to historical facts. What Comrade Deng Xiaoping said is right: we old party members shared our merits in setting up a new China. Now it is unfair to shift all mistakes to one person, as though we have no responsibility."

If Mao was so wrong toward the end, what legacy did he leave? Mao thought, says Huang. "Mao Tse-tung's thought will remain the guide for our action for a long time to come. The history of contemporary China has proved that only Marxism, Leninism and Mao Tse-tung thought can save China."

When Deng, in a 1978 interview, discussed Mao's inadequacies, he suggested that the old man had been 70% right and 30% wrong. Huang's assessment, though lacking in specifics, follows that ratio, and Western diplomats in Peking last week interpreted the speech as a trial balloon. If those masses who visit the Tiananmen tomb do not accept the critique, the leadership will probably go a step further and reveal specific errors. If they do, the way should be clear for a sixth party plenum next summer at which Mao's place in history will be more clearly defined, and out-of-favor Mao followers like Party Chairman Hua Guofeng may face a purge. ■

Time to Repair and Restore

Neglected streets and sewers, plus aged bridges and byways, hinder growth

From the rusting spans of its once proud bridges to the leaking sewers beneath its streets, America is structurally unsound. Highways are crumbling. Avenues are cracking. Trains jump their worn-out tracks. Coal ships languish outside overburdened ports. While the U.S. has the technological prowess to blast a magnificent space shuttle into orbit and land it gently back on earth, it has failed to care properly for its most important public works.

One morning two weeks ago, some New York City commuters living north of Manhattan awoke to a radio traffic bulletin even more dismal than usual. Because of a turbine breakdown at a Conrail power station, their trains into the city would be half an hour behind schedule. Fearing that the delays could be much longer, thousands of travelers took to their cars. But just as rush hour reached its bumper-to-bumper peak, a 4-sq.-ft. section of cement roadbed in the southbound lane of Manhattan's elevated West Side Highway suddenly collapsed and tumbled to the ground below. While a repair crew patched the hole with a metal plate, traffic backed up for three hours. Said one fatigued driver who reached his office at noon: "It's like Berlin after the war. Nothing works."

Every school-day morning on the Lilly Bridge near Altoona, Pa., children go through a poignant ritual that matches the plight of those commuters. A yellow bus parks just short of the decrepit 57-year-old structure, the doors swing open and its young passengers troop across the bridge on foot. Then the driver follows —slowly—to pick them up again, knowing that even if the bridge gives way under the weight of the bus the children will be safe.

These conditions are neither isolated nor unrelated. Urban planners and a growing number of politicians are worried about the bridges and byways, streets and sewers that make up the infrastructure of the U.S. economy. After decades of neglect by all levels of government, much of that foundation is now in an advanced state of decay.

During the lean years of the 1970s, many financially strapped states and depressed older cities were hard put to find money either for maintenance or for new construction. With teachers, welfare recipients, garbage collectors and senior citizens all expecting higher salaries or more services, government priorities tipped toward meeting social demands. Since 1965, the percentage of the U.S.'s gross national product devoted to investment in public works has dropped from 3.6% to 1.7%, a 52.8% decline. Like a pensioner gradually spending his lifetime's savings, the U.S. is living off its public capital, and little by little exhausting it.

This situation is felt most acutely in the declining cities of the Northeast and Midwest, and the old Southern river towns like New Orleans. But tight budgets are also threatening the infrastructure in the West. The effect of California's Proposition 13, which slashed property taxes by an average of 57%, has already shown up in the deteriorating condition of that state's streets and highways.

Ronald Reagan has presented Congress with a program to renew American business by encouraging savings and promoting private investment, but the productivity of business rests on the quality of its infrastructure—its network of roads, rails, ports and other vital public services. If trains and trucks are slowed by poor tracks and roads, farmers and manufacturers cannot get their products to market on time, and the delay shows up in the prices of everything from soybeans to stereo sets. If city sewers and subways are already strained beyond their limits, companies may be reluctant to expand and hire new workers, since they may not be able to get to work. Warns the Council of State Planning Agencies in a disturbing new report entitled *America in Ruins*: "The deteriorated condition of basic facilities that underpin the economy will prove a critical bottleneck to national economic renewal during this decade unless we can find ways to finance public works."

The worst infrastructure ills:

Highways. In 1956 Congress launched what President Dwight Eisenhower proclaimed to be "the greatest public works program in history": the interstate highway system. Now in its silver anniversary year, the 42,500-mi. network is only 94% finished, but 8,000 miles of pavement are so badly worn that they must be rebuilt. Though the U.S. Government has picked up 90% of the $79 billion tab for interstate construction so far, it has given the states almost no money for maintenance, and state legislatures have been slow to provide funds to keep up the highways.

TERRY ASHE

Heavy traffic on the rusted and crumbled West Side Highway in New York City

To make matters worse, Congress in 1974 lifted the truck weight limit on federal highways from 73,280 lbs. to a concrete-crushing 80,000 lbs. On part of Interstate 90 near Erie, Pa., motorists bouncing over ripples and dodging chuckholes wisely ignore the posted speed limit of 55 m.p.h. in favor of a more sensible 30 m.p.h.

Secondary roads off the interstates are often in much worse shape. In eastern Kentucky, where pockmarked roads suf-

A spectacular derailment at Auburndale, Fla.

Crossing a decrepit bridge near Altoona, Pa.

fer a relentless pounding from overloaded coal trucks, drivers bitterly complain that most of their tires blow out before they wear out. The main road between Baton Rouge and Shreveport, La., is so bumpy that freight haulers avoid it by going some 130 miles out of their way through eastern Texas. Says Trucker John Wooley, a former rodeo cowboy: "That road just tears a rig apart. It's like riding a bucking bronco." In California, Highway 101 outside San Jose is full of holes. Says Jon Carroll, a senior editor at *New West* magazine: "There are many blood alleys in California, but this one leads the parade. An absolutely terrifying driving experience."

Most states rely upon gasoline taxes for maintenance funds but, as the surging price of fuel has forced people to drive less, those revenues have decreased. In Ohio, for example, state officials predict that their gas tax receipts will be $15 million less this year than in 1980. Meanwhile, the cost of rebuilding a road is 166% higher than it was only a decade ago. Inevitably, repairs are put off. Maine's original 1980 budget called for repaving 1,250 miles of highway; because of inflation and a decline in revenues, only 524 miles were actually restored.

Legislators in many states, including South Dakota, Virginia and Alabama, have recently admitted their problems and hiked gasoline taxes by as much as 4¢ per gal. Other states will surely follow. Says David Finley, of the Ohio department of transportation: "We haven't raised our gas taxes in more than two decades, but we will have to now. The condition of the roads has me very worried."

Bridges. One of every five bridges in the U.S. needs major rehabilitation. Fortunately, those on the brink of breakdown are usually closed to traffic. In Ohio, 605 bridges have been blocked off, but 4,000 others that show ominous signs of deterioration are still in use. More than half of Louisiana's 14,800 bridges do not meet federal and state standards. Some of the nation's worst bridges are also heavily traveled ones. In River Rouge, Mich., the Miller Road Bridge links a huge Ford Motor factory with Interstate 94. A city engineer describes it as "utterly dangerous and in bad need of repair."

The cost of fixing U.S. bridges could run as high as $33 billion, but states and cities can spend just a small fraction of that amount. Federal aid for bridge repairs is only $1.3 billion this year. Admits Daniel Hines, an engineer for the State of Michigan: "Bridges are falling down faster than we can rebuild them."

City Streets, Sewers and Subways. Old age is catching up with many American cities. Cleveland's antiquated sewer system overflows during heavy rains. Says City Budget Director Phillip Allen: "We always have flooded basements throughout Cleveland. It wouldn't be so bad if it were just storm water, but it's combined with sewage water." In St. Louis, about 15% of the water supply leaks out of the city's aged pipes. In Newark, 90% of the streets need patching, resurfacing or complete reconstruction.

New York City is in a class by itself. Last year the metropolis had 547 water-main breaks that cost $60 million to repair. Potholes and other road defects prompted 1,941 property damage claims totaling $20.9 million. The ramshackle subway system is notoriously unreliable. Three weeks ago, a train bound for Manhattan from Queens broke down, stranding 1,500 passengers in a tunnel under the East River for more than an hour. Concerned New York businessmen are banding together to lobby for change. One group called Business for Mass Transit has taken advertisements in the New York *Times* to de-

ROGER ALLEN GRIGG

Coal ships pick up their cargo from the overburdened terminals at Hampton Roads, Va.

liver a warning to city and state officials: "The impending collapse of our subways, bus lines and commuter railroads threatens our businesses and the jobs of millions of workers."

The cost of reversing this kind of urban decay is too high for many city treasuries. Officials in New Orleans believe that it would take $200 million to repair the city's crumbling streets, but only $32 million is now available for the job. One estimate of the cost of modernizing Baltimore's sewer system comes to $1,880 for every man, woman and child in the city.

With municipal budgets under severe strain, some cities are risking even further deterioration. Since 1973, Buffalo has reduced the number of its water-system workers by more than 40%. In the past two years, Boston has cut its mass-transit engineering and maintenance work force by 16%. Oakland, Calif., has trimmed its street-repair crew by 18%.

Some elected officials have concluded, however, that restoring infrastructure can be good politics. Cleveland Mayor George Voinovich persuaded voters to approve a 25% hike in their income taxes by promising that half of the money would go for capital improvements, including bridge and street repair. New York City now uses about 50% of its capital budget for rehabilitation rather than new construction, compared with just over 20% in 1970. Says Mayor Edward Koch: "Discussion at a city council meeting will not be about what building we're putting up, but whether sewer A will be finished before sewer B. We're not interested in the old political system of show them something on top if what you need is something below ground."

Railroads and Ports. Spending for train and track maintenance and new equipment has more than doubled, from $7.1 billion in 1975 to $14.9 billion last year, and once deplorable conditions are improving. But 6,468 trains were still derailed in 1980. These incidents caused property damages amounting to more than $200 million.

The most serious problems are on branch lines, which are often unprofitable. In many areas of Kansas and Illinois, grain shipments creep along on trains that can safely travel only at 10 m.p.h. Overall, an estimated 30% of total U.S. track mileage needs major repair.

Efforts to rebuild the railroads should be buoyed by the deregulation law passed by Congress last year, which directed the Interstate Commerce Commission to give the railroads more freedom to raise their freight rates. Rail executives hope that they can make many branch lines profitable and restore their tracks and roadbeds. Otherwise, they argue, the lines should simply be abandoned.

The railroads are counting on future profits from a boom in coal transport now that nations around the world are seeking a substitute for high-priced oil. But the U.S. will never fulfill its potential as a coal exporter until action is taken to upgrade and expand its ports.

Hampton Roads, Va., is the nation's busiest coal port and also its most notorious bottleneck. On an average day before the start of the current coal miners' strike, an armada of 150 ships was anchored offshore. Reason: the two loading terminals are so inadequate that the colliers usually must wait in line a month or more to pick up their cargoes.

Coal companies are planning to build new terminals at Hampton Roads and other ports, but a more serious problem will remain. No Eastern or Gulf Coast harbor is deep enough to accommodate so-called supercolliers: giant vessels that can carry more than 125,000 tons of coal, which is at least twice the load of standard ships. Many American ports, including Hampton Roads, Baltimore, New Orleans and Mobile, need to be dredged to the 55-ft. depth required by the supercolliers. But congressional appropriations for these projects have been held up for years.

A City That Still Works

When it comes to smooth efficiency, neither Rome under Mussolini nor Richard Daley's Chicago could outshine modern day Dallas. Potholes are filled within three days; a clogged sewer is usually cleared within 40 minutes; streets, sidewalks, bridges and water and sanitation systems are kept in superb condition. Indeed, the Urban Institute in Washington proclaims that Dallas' management of its public facilities could stand as a model for large cities all over the U.S.

While many other towns and cities are slowly crumbling, Dallas has established its reputation as a city that works. The reasons include a favorable climate, a booming local economy, an encyclopedic computerized maintenance schedule, and a government that abhors the idea of deferring scheduled repairs to keep its current expenses low. In addition, it is the largest city in the U.S. run by a professional administrator answering to the city council. In most of the largest cities, the day-to-day operations are in the hands of the mayor. Says Dallas City Manager George Schrader: "A city government is like GM or U.S. Steel, and the infrastructure is our assembly line."

Dallas digs a new sewer to prevent overloads

The city executes its maintenance work with a precision similar to that of the Dallas Cowboys on a pass pattern. Dallas keeps a computerized inventory of all street surfaces, curbs, gutters, sidewalks and stop lights. Water-main breaks and cracks in the pavement are rigorously recorded, as are the costs of repairing them. The city, for example, annually cleans out 26% of its sewers, and trouble-prone stretches of underground pipe are inspected by subterranean television cameras.

Equally important is Dallas' system of user fees, which specifically charge people for services. When streets are improved, for instance, the people who own houses or businesses on them are assessed part of the cost.

Another major reason for Dallas' success is its tradition of joint private-public ventures. The city and Oilman Ray Hunt, the half brother of Silver Baron Bunker Hunt, combined to develop a hotel and sports complex in a section of Dallas' west side that had been stagnant for 50 years. Hunt and the city shared the cost of building new roads and Hunt paid for railroad underpasses in the area.

Dallas, of course, has its share of urban shortcomings. Its mass-transit system, which consists of only 490 buses, is plainly inadequate, and a referendum on a new public-transportation system may be held soon. But, as City Councilman Lee Simpson says, "we've put our infrastructure in the hands of high-quality professionals, and our citizens have little tolerance for failure. That's why any weaknesses stand out."

while lawmakers wrangle about which port should be first and worry about the multibillion-dollar price tag.

No one knows how much it would cost to modernize the entire infrastructure of the U.S. economy. Pat Choate, co-author of the *America in Ruins* study, estimates that the task could take as much as $3 trillion, roughly the amount of the annual gross national product at present. Amitai Etzioni, director of the Center for Policy Research, believes that more than $400 billion should be invested over the next decade on railroads, highways and bridges. The total value of all government-sponsored construction on those projects last year was $23.4 billion.

President Reagan does not intend to launch a major new public works spending program. In fact, as part of his budget-cut plans, he hopes to carve $31 billion out of federal spending on transportation over the next five years. The highway program would lose $11.2 billion, and mass-transit aid would be trimmed by $12 billion. Though Congress is expected to approve a large portion of the Reagan cuts, some lawmakers argue that the reductions are shortsighted. Says Democratic Congressman Henry Reuss of Wisconsin, the chairman of the Joint Economic Committee: "The whole thrust of the Reagan program is to downgrade the infrastructure. What has been a serious worry will now become a disaster."

Administration officials argue in response that the problems can be solved most efficiently by state and local governments. Says Secretary of Transportation Drew Lewis: "It's a question of whether we collect a dollar in taxes, skim 15¢ or 20¢ off through our bureaucratic regime in Washington and send 80¢ back to the states, or whether we cut federal taxes and let the states handle it locally."

Moreover, many urban planners are concerned that states and cities have become federal-aid junkies. U.S. Government contributions to state and local public works expenditures have jumped from 10% in 1957 to about 40% now. Concludes George Peterson, a public finance specialist at Washington's Urban Institute: "State and local governments must stop lobbying for more federal assistance and get about the job of setting their own priorities, reassessing their needs and collecting funds at the local level to pay for them."

At a time when taxes are already painfully high, it will not be easy to raise money to rebuild roads, enlarge ports or repair bridges. But neither can the U.S. continue its past policy of "build it and forget it." The longer that needed restoration is postponed, the more costly it becomes. America cannot afford to starve vital parts of its infrastructure—that network of arteries that nourish the heart of the economy. —*By Charles Alexander. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington and Denise Worrell/New York with other U.S. bureaus*

Window Shopping with $3 Billion

Seagram's Bronfman looks for a way to spend his oil profits

Surrounded in his office on the fifth floor of the Seagram Building on Manhattan's Park Avenue by Rodin sculptures and a tapestry by Miro, Edgar Bronfman, 51, the wavy-haired chairman of Seagram Co. Ltd., exudes a certain air of contentment. He should. Last year Bronfman sold the Texas Pacific Oil Co., which Seagram had bought in 1963 for $256 million, to the Sun Co. for $2.3 billion. Bronfman's nest egg has since grown to a stunning $3 billion through shrewd asset management, and he is now leisurely looking for a place to invest the money. Says he: "It's a little like matchmaking. There are a lot of willing brides, but the boy has still to make up his mind."

Seagram was founded by Samuel Bronfman, Edgar's father, who was the son of a Manitoba, Canada, frontier hotel owner. In 1925 he set up a modest whisky distillery in Montreal. The company profited enormously during U.S. Prohibition, when rumrunners smuggled Seagram's whisky to a thirsty market in the U.S. Since 1947 the company has been the world's largest distiller. Edgar succeeded his father as head of the company in 1971.

Today Seagram sells $2.5 billion worth of alcoholic beverages annually; 70% of that goes to the U.S. But sales of its two top brands, Seven Crown and V.O. Canadian whisky, have slipped in recent years as the American public has switched to lighter drinks and wine. Bacardi rum has displaced Seven Crown as the country's bestselling brand.

The chairman of the world's largest distiller in his office with Rodin's sculpture of Balzac

"There are a lot of willing brides, but the boy has still to make up his mind."

The last bride Bronfman sought was not only unwilling but downright antagonistic. In March Seagram offered $2 billion for St. Joe Minerals Corp., the nation's largest lead producer. At $45 a share, almost three times St. Joe's book value, the bid seemed generous. But John Duncan, St. Joe's crusty chairman, announced that he would rather liquidate the company than sell it to Bronfman. Duncan would not even return Bronfman's phone calls. The Fluor Corp., a giant (1980 sales: $4.8 billion) construction firm, then topped Seagram's bid by $15 a share. Rather than start a costly, and probably futile, bidding war, Seagram dropped its offer earlier this month.

Since then, Seagram has been deluged with proposals about how to spend its $3 billion. "We get a lot of calls from crackpots with ideas, though only a few friends get through to me," Bronfman told TIME Correspondent Frederick Ungeheuer last week. One intrepid inventor, for example, suggested that some of the money be given to him to pay for marketing a method for freeze-dried taxidermy. A real estate firm offered Bronfman New York City's World Trade Center, which may be placed on the market for $1.1 billion.

A team of Seagram executives, including Bronfman's brother Charles, the chairman of the firm's executive committee, is now screening the business offers the company receives. So far, only corporations in the steel, atomic energy, pulp and paper industries have been declared unsuitable matches. Bronfman suggests he might buy two or three smaller companies based in North America that have foreign operations. This time around, however, he is more likely to try for a friendly takeover than risk a pre-emptive bid of the St. Joe variety. Some Wall Street analysts believe Seagram would be wise to use its money to buy a consumer products company like Gillette or Colgate-Palmolive, which would make the best use of its marketing experience.

Bronfman, for now, is just quietly waiting. After all, he is earning $60 million in quarterly interest on the bundle of cash. Mindful of his own experience at art auctions, the sometimes impulsive Bronfman will tread carefully. Says he: "I do not want to wake up one night and say, 'My God, why did I buy that!' " ■

Big Oil's Surprising Problems

Supplies are up, demand is down, and profits are falling

It has been a long time since the 13 members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries were unable to sell every barrel of crude they pumped, or since oil companies such as Exxon, Mobil Oil and Gulf Oil suffered from declining profits and bulging inventories. But that is precisely the situation in the suddenly upside-down world oil market. Skyrocketing prices and sagging demand have brought on a continuing petroleum mini-glut.

Oil company inventories around the world are now swelling with a surplus of excess production that oilmen estimate may amount to as much as 1 million to 2 million bbl. of daily output. The situation is particularly pronounced in the U.S., where petroleum consumption dropped by 5.2% in the first quarter, after declining by 8% last year.

The effect on oil companies, which led American corporations in profits last year, has been dramatic. Refineries are now operating at a record low 66.3% of capacity. According to Daniel Lundberg, the Los Angeles–based consultant who tracks U.S. gasoline prices, the wholesale cost of gas has dropped by an average of nearly .8¢ per gal. in the past two weeks. As a sign of a softening market, Atlantic Richfield and Texaco are now offering selected dealers a 4¢-per-gal. discount on wholesale prices.

Industry analysts predict that as a result of the weak market, first-quarter earnings, which the companies will begin to release this week, will be down sharply. Said Dillard Spriggs of New York's Petroleum Analysis Ltd. research house: "Virtually every company will be affected by the downturn." Exxon and Mobil are expected to see earnings drop about 25%, while Gulf's earnings may decline more than 40%. Overall, of course, Big Oil will still remain very profitable. Some companies, such as Standard Oil of California, may well show modest increases over first-quarter 1980 profits, which were enormous.

Small refiners, however, are in more serious trouble. These companies, known in the industry as teakettle refiners because they have operations of less than 30,000 bbl. a day, have sprung up since the mid-1970s to take advantage of Government subsidies built into the oil price controls that President Reagan abolished in late January. Without those federal subsidies, many small refineries cannot make a profit. About 40 such firms have already shut down along the Gulf Coast, and more closures are likely to follow.

Decontrol of the domestic oil industry is also accelerating a shake-out of retail gas sales. Government regulations previously forced oil companies to keep some unprofitable marketing operations open, but now the firms can close them down. Texaco, which has long proudly proclaimed that it sold in all 50 states, is reducing the number of its stations in the Midwest and Great Lakes regions. Shell Oil will soon no longer sell in upstate New York, upper New England or Minnesota.

Faced with large supplies and low sales, oil companies are paying lower prices for crude or refusing to buy it. Standard Oil of California, which markets under the Chevron brand, Phillips Petroleum and Marathon Oil have all announced that they are cutting by $1 per bbl. the amount they will pay for certain grades of domestically produced crude. Atlantic Richfield has reduced purchases from Nigeria by 60,000 bbl. a day, and industry experts say that Ashland Oil has indefinitely suspended purchases of some 90,000 bbl. a day of crude from Mexico, along with another 17,000 bbl. daily from the African country of Cameroon. In the past two weeks, Mexico, Ecuador and Egypt have cut their crude-oil prices between $1 and $3 per bbl.

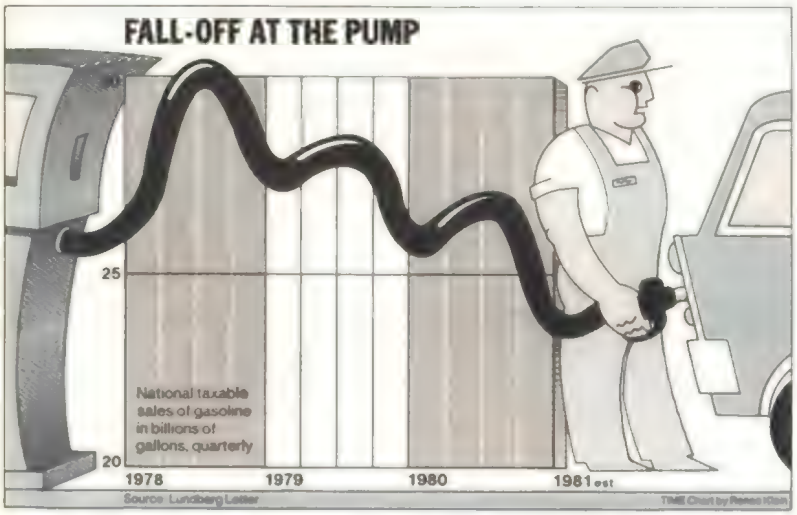
The weak oil market is now putting OPEC on the spot. During 1980, the cartel's production dropped to nearly a decade low of 27 million bbl. a day, even though Saudi Arabia, the group's single biggest producer, has since last autumn been pumping daily almost 2 million bbl. over and above its self-imposed output ceiling of 8.5 million bbl.

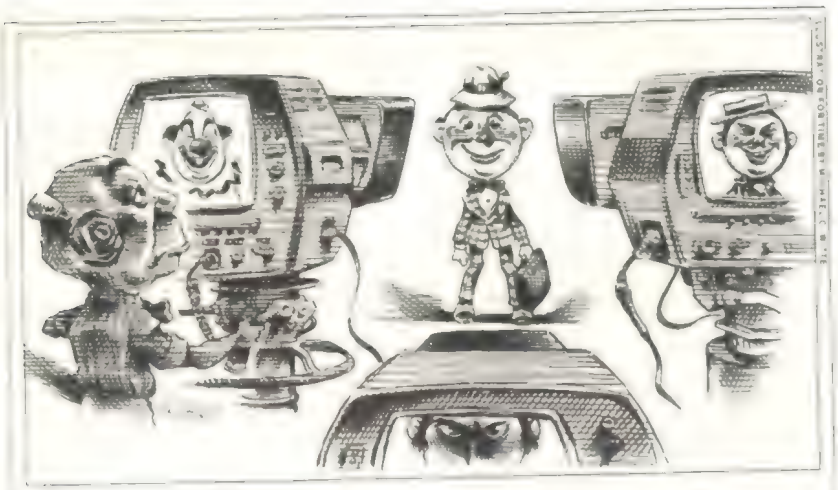
The Saudis could tighten up world oil supplies at a stroke by simply cutting back on their "excess" production. But the desert kingdom, for now at least, is holding output high and depressing prices, ostensibly to force other OPEC members to support a Saudi plan to link the price of oil to inflation and the value of key world currencies. Such a pricing formula would bring about a moderate but steady long-term rise in petroleum prices.

The Saudi pricing proposals are expected to be one of the main topics for discussion at the meeting of OPEC members in Geneva on May 25. But it is unlikely that the 13 nations will be able to agree at that session on a change in the way oil prices are fixed.

Some Western observers, however, now wonder if Saudi Arabia is also keeping production high because it simply needs the oil income. Despite its large foreign reserves, the country is pushing development so rapidly that it is hard-pressed for cash. Writes Douglas J. Feith, general counsel of the Center for International Security in Washington: "A Saudi production cut from 10 million to 5 million bbl. a day would cut Saudi revenues in half—from the current $120 billion a year to around $60 billion. But official Saudi spending is at the rate of $96 billion a year, and thereby hangs a grim tale for the Saudi regime."

Whether the Saudis maintain current production or not, oil-consuming nations can hardly rest easy. Temporary surpluses in 1978 and 1980 quickly evaporated after the outbreak of the Iranian revolution and the Iran-Iraq war. A pickup of the U.S. and European economies and the resulting increased demand for oil would wipe out the mini-glut just as quickly this time. Says Ulf Lantzke, director of the Paris-based International Energy Agency: "We are in balance at the moment, but it is a rather fragile balance." With some 60% of world oil reserves buried under the sands of the always volatile Middle East, world oil supplies will remain fragile at best. —*By Christopher Byron. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington and Bruce van Voorst/Brussels*





Crooks, Conmen and Clowns

The low rating of American businessmen on television

Television may do for businessmen what a Borgia banquet did for casual dining. From *Dallas'* oily antihero J.R. Ewing on down, most businessmen on television are depicted as crooks, amoral wheeler-dealers, criminals with Mafia connections, cheats, employers of professional arsonists and, worse still, jerks, clowns and buffoons. With the exception of Margaret Pynchon, the gracious owner of the Los Angeles *Tribune* on *Lou Grant*, nowhere on prime time is there anyone remotely resembling such constructive businessmen as Joseph C. Wilson of Xerox, Edwin Land of Polaroid, Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors or Thomas Watson of IBM. Is art reflecting life? Or is art looking for handy villains to make stories move between commercials?

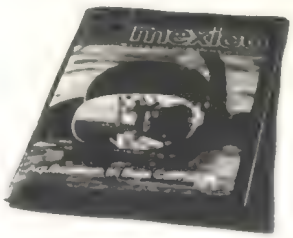
The Media Institute, a conservative Washington watchdog of the press and television, believes that the portrayal of corporate leaders on the tube shows television's antibusiness bias. The group, which studied 200 prime-time episodes on all three major networks, this week publishes its findings in a report titled *Crooks, Conmen and Clowns*. It reveals that two of three businessmen are shown as foolish, greedy or criminal, and that almost half of all work activities performed by businessmen involve illegal acts. For example, in *Barnaby Jones*, a coffee importer helps a violent revolutionary group. In *Vega$*, a wealthy hotel owner who owes $50 million plans and oversees several murders. Owners or managers of big businesses are almost always filthy rich, with gigantic houses, servants and limousines. There is some honor among small businessmen, but most come off as H.L. Mencken characterized farmers and politicians: candidates for society's dung heap. Concludes the study: "If American business has redeeming social values, they are not visible on prime-time television."

Jonathan Hart, a very distant echo of Nick Charles in *The Thin Man*, is described as a "self-made millionaire" whose "hobby is murder" on *Hart to Hart*. But his business connections are tenuous, and how he made all those millions is never clear. Mrs. Oleson, who with her husband runs the general store in *Little House on the Prairie*, reneges on an agreement to buy honey from children. In the series *Alice*, the son of the program's star urges her to work somewhere else because of the low wages paid by Mel, owner of the diner where she works as a waitress. Shirley, a black former cab driver who was the wise and friendly heroine of *One in a Million*, inherited a conglomerate, but she was counterpointed against another executive who was pompous, stiff and stupid.

The study cites scores of such examples. Even when the tube's businessmen do good, it is, in 94% of the cases, on a purely personal level, like helping a troubled employee. Rarely does it involve socially or economically productive behavior. Activities of businessmen who are central characters in shows are frequently negative, mostly clownish. Archie Bunker, who now owns a bar in *Archie Bunker's Place*, philosophizes that the best way to cut the crime rate in half is for every person to shoot one criminal; Dry Cleaning Mini-Tycoon George Jefferson of *The Jeffersons* emerges as an intellectual cipher, trapped in matriarchy. Even when businessmen are written into a plot on a one-shot basis, they are, in most cases, up to no good; only 6%—three of 49—were presented in a favorable light.

Why is television so hard on businessmen? The institute's president, Leonard J. Theberge, suggests that writers of shows seem to have a congenital antipathy toward the business values of certitude, lurching optimism, organization, authority and profit. The writers also do not take into account that business pays their salaries and makes U.S. television possible in the first place. ■

Bridging The Gap!



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A Fraud in the Pulitzers

The Washington Post *returns a prize, with apologies*

It was every young reporter's dream come true: a gripping Page One story in the Washington *Post*, a public outcry, an investigation by the city and, finally, the Pulitzer Prize. For a glorious Monday last week, Janet Cooke, 26, hit the jackpot. Her sensational account of "Jimmy," an eight-year-old heroin addict, had won the Pulitzer for feature writing, and she seemed destined for stardom at one of the nation's most respected newspapers.

But the fairy tale began to unravel Tuesday afternoon, when *Post* Executive Editor Benjamin Bradlee received a phone call from Vassar College. Cooke, he was told, had not graduated from Vassar, as she had claimed in the biography submitted to the Pulitzer judges. At about the same time, Managing Editor Howard Simons learned from the Associated Press that Cooke had not received a master's degree from the University of Toledo, as she had also claimed. Questioned by her editors, Cooke admitted that she had exaggerated her credentials (she had attended Vassar for one year and earned a B.A. from Toledo). Nearly eleven hours later, after more grilling and a fruitless search for Jimmy's house in southeast Washington, Cooke admitted that the boy did not exist and that she had invented most of the story. Cooke resigned and went into seclusion. The *Post* promptly returned the award and apologized in an editorial: "This newspaper . . . was itself the victim of a hoax—which we then passed along in a prominent page-one story . . . How could this have happened?"

How, indeed, could a responsible newspaper be duped into publishing fiction as fact? As it turned out, the *Post's* main failing was having absolute faith in its reporter. This might be considered a virtue ordinarily, but the circumstances surrounding the publication of "Jimmy's World" were anything but ordinary. Though bright and ambitious, Cooke was rather inexperienced for such a sensitive story, having worked only 2½ years at the Toledo *Blade* and nine months at the *Post*. In "Jimmy's World," she described how a black youngster was given heroin injections by a drug dealer as his mother looked on. Cooke had earned the assignment by writing what one editor described as a "brilliant" story on 14th Street, N.W., which is in a Washington section known for its pushers and hookers. The article on Jimmy was reported during several weeks last fall and was approved by Metropolitan Editor Bob Woodward, who helped win a Pulitzer for the *Post* with his Watergate reporting. When "Jimmy's World" appeared, many *Post* reporters were incredulous. Most suspicious were Cooke's fellow blacks, who felt that her depiction of ghetto life rang false.

Janet Cooke before the scandal broke

The *Post* usually insists that reporters tell editors the names of sources, but exceptions are made, most notably with Deep Throat, Woodward's key informant on Watergate. In this case, the editors made an exception because Cooke said Jimmy's drug supplier had threatened to kill her if she revealed her sources, even to them. Says Woodward: "You have to build a chain of trust with your reporters. If you attempt to re-report stories, you erect a barrier. I was sympathetic."

Jimmy, the addict who never existed

"How could this have happened?"

D.C. police immediately called upon Cooke to identify the boy so that he could be helped. When the *Post* invoked First Amendment protection of confidential sources, Mayor Marion Barry assigned a task force of hundreds of police and social workers to locate Jimmy. From the start, narcotics agents doubted that any drug dealer would provide costly heroin to a talkative youngster who might tip off teachers and friends. After three weeks and thousands of man-hours, the search was called off. Says Barry: "I was very firm in my conviction that Miss Cooke's article was part myth, part reality."

At the *Post*, City Editor Milton Coleman was "very frankly surprised" that the police had not located Jimmy, and he wanted another story on young addicts. He teamed Cooke with Courtland Milloy, a streetwise reporter. Says Coleman: "Milloy came back with a lot of doubts. There was no real indication that she knew the area." Although increasingly alarmed, the editors were comforted by letters from readers who claimed they knew Jimmy or children like him.

Concerned that Jimmy might die while the *Post* was standing behind the First Amendment, Cooke's editors told her that she would at least have to point out Jimmy's house. When the appointed day came, Cooke told Coleman that she had already gone to the house alone and that the family had moved. Her editors felt misled, but nevertheless decided to nominate "Jimmy's World" for a Pulitzer. Says Coleman: "We had some doubts, but we weren't able to prove our suspicions. If we did not nominate the story, there would have been questions asked."

Entered in the local reporting category, Cooke's story lost out to the Longview (Wash.) *Daily News*, which was cited for its coverage of the Mount St. Helens eruption. But the Pulitzer Prize board was so impressed with Cooke's work that it gave her the award in another category, overturning the feature writing jury's choice of Teresa Carpenter of the *Village Voice*, who was belatedly given the honor after the fraud was discovered. Says Board Member Osborn Elliott, dean of Columbia's Graduate School of Journalism: "It was a very dramatic telling and a moving piece. I figured that the *Post* had verified it." It was the first known fakery in the 64-year history of the Pulitzer Prizes.

When to use confidential sources is one of the most ticklish decisions faced by any newspaper editor. Usually the decision is made on a case-by-case basis, factoring in the experience of the reporter, the nature of the source's information and the likely consequences of the story. Although only a handful of

newspapers have written policies on the use of unnamed sources, many editors insist on being told who the source is. Says Miami *Herald* Editor John McMullan: "Editors ought to run the newspapers, and that means insisting on credible sources known to them. It's part of the checks and balances of the newspaper." Adds New York *Times* Editor A.M. Rosenthal: "If a reporter wouldn't give [his source] to me, I wouldn't print the story—and I'd probably suggest that the reporter find another editor and paper he trusts more."

The *Post's* handling of the Cooke affair struck most editors as inexcusable. "The practice [of using blind sources] is valid if the source can help you expose criminal conduct," says Dallas *Times Herald* Managing Editor Will Jarrett. "It is not valid if your source is the person perpetrating the crime." Notes Los Angeles *Times* Editor William Thomas: "The part that boggles my mind is that a reporter who has been with a paper only eight or nine months can refuse to tell an editor her source."

The Cooke hoax unfortunately lent credence to the old adage that you cannot believe everything you read in the papers. Says Michael Gartner, editor of the Des Moines *Register* and *Tribune*: "When you damage the credibility of the *Post* you damage the credibility of the Des Moines *Register* and every other paper in the country." Shaken, many papers began reexamining their own policies on sources. "We are working at putting something in writing," says Boston *Globe* Editor Thomas Winship. Nowhere was the process so intense as it was at the Washington *Post*. Bradlee reminded the staff last week: "The credibility of a newspaper is its most precious asset. It depends on the integrity of its reporters. We must begin immediately the uphill struggle of restoring our credibility."

■ ■ ■

Before the Cooke controversy, the most talked-about Pulitzer Prize was the posthumous fiction award to John Kennedy Toole for *A Confederacy of Dunces*. Toole was unable to get his comic novel about New Orleans published and died in 1969, an apparent suicide at the age of 31. For ten years, his mother tried to find someone to bring out the book. Finally Novelist Walker Percy read it and persuaded the Louisiana State University Press to publish it last year.

The prize for meritorious public service went to the Charlotte (N.C.) *Observer* for its series on brown lung disease among textile workers. The New York *Times* won two awards, for John Crewdson's reporting on America's immigration problems and Dave Anderson's commentary on sports. The criticism prize went to Jonathan Yardley of the Washington *Star* for his book reviews. Shirley Christian of the Miami *Herald* won the international reporting award for her coverage of Central America. ***—By Ellie McGrath. Reported by Jeanne Saddler/Washington with other U.S. bureaus***

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Stuck with Labels

Everyone admits the injustice, the oversimplification of labels, but the press sticks them on anything and everything nonetheless. When it doesn't invent a label itself, the press gratefully seizes on someone else's catch phrase. That's how Ronald Reagan early captured the high ground on his budget cutting. He promised not to harm the "truly needy" and to provide a "safety net" for protected groups like the aged. These soothingly imprecise phrases, so often repeated by Republican orators and in the columns, have set the tone of the budget debate.

As the Administration settles in and its top people become more familiar, labels are also being stuck to them. Cartoonist Herblock has at last found in Secretary of State Haig a fiendish target for caricaturing that he hasn't enjoyed since the days of Nixon's sinister 5 o'clock shadow. Herblock's Haig is an overepauleted, Napoleonic Dr. Strangelove. Not all the press's labels have been so unfriendly, at least at the outset. Reagan's budget-cutting David Stockman is often referred to as "the brilliant 34-year-old conservative," but as Russell Baker noted in a fine, wry column, "Whom the media would destroy they first make young and brilliant." This happens, Baker suggests, less from cunning than from an occupational instinct for building melodrama. Just wait, Baker predicts: an audience that is mostly neither young nor brilliant will be "easily amused at seeing whippersnappers get their comeuppance."

"And it's not true, then, that you asked for the resignations of Reagan and Bush?"

In its earlier, more impish days, TIME, inspired by Homer's "wine-dark sea," fastened labels on everything in sight and endlessly repeated them. New York's mayor was always "fireplug-shaped Fiorello La Guardia"; the city's newspaper, in a phrase that combined admiration with gentle sarcasm, was "the good gray New York *Times*." So familiar was this practice that Johnny Mercer parodied it in a Broadway show tune, *Affable, Balding Me*. TIME's double-barreled labels came to a quiet end when a later managing editor, T.S. Matthews, forbade the use of them unless a writer could improve upon Carlyle's description of Robespierre as "the seagreen Incorruptible."

Labels are a handy and necessary form of compression. How else does a reader remember whether it is Ethiopia or Somalia that is under Soviet and Cuban domination? But labels can mislead. In his new autobiographical *Ways of Escape*, Graham Greene writes: "I had an idea before I went to Malaya, an idea picked up from an unsympathetic press, of a group of men, the harsh overseers of great capitalist enterprises, intransigent, unconstructive exploiters of native labor, drinking stengah after stengah in the local club, probably in the Somerset Maugham manner making love to each other's wives. But before I had stayed long in Malaya I learned that there was no such thing as 'the planter'—there was only X or Y." But did such false preconceptions in a fiction writer's mind come from "an unsympathetic press" or from novels he had read? Greene himself has proved to be a master at creating such stereotypes, including that dangerously gullible innocent loose in Asia, *The Quiet American*.

Labels generally lack subtlety. A button that says RIGHT TO LIFE or RIGHT TO CHOOSE leaves little space for reservations. Yet some labels that were pejoratives have come in time to be worn proudly by the accused. Originally, Tory meant an Irish thief; gothic, now used to describe great cathedrals, was once a dismissing word for something wild and crude. In the great political transformation that has taken place since Roosevelt's day, politicians who once flaunted their liberalism have come to prefer softer labels such as progressive, moderate, pragmatic—or have sought to have it both ways as in "conservative in fiscal matters, liberal on the social issues." Similarly, many politicians who wear the newly fashionable label conservative like to distance themselves from right-wing, which still carries an uncompromising, or uncaring, sound.

It used to be said that those who wrote the nation's songs were somehow more influential than those who wrote its laws, though since Bob Dylan there hasn't been much proof of this. Perhaps power now goes to those who affix the country's labels. Editors and others who do so should recall Albert Einstein's dictum that everything should be as simple as it can be, but not simpler.

Modern-day bikers play at medieval tilting in George A. Romero's *Knightriders*

Lights! Camera! Pittsburgh!

Here comes independent regional cinema

Camelot is alive and well, on motorcycles—in Pittsburgh. The redneck revenge movie has found a new hero—in Shelby, N.C. Teen-age actors play at deadly gang wars—in Boston. The radical political spirit of the northern frontier is put on film—in Crosby, N. Dak. A company of actors turn 30, and another young man makes a movie about it—in North Conway, N.H. Tab Hunter and a 300-lb. transvestite named Divine enact a suburban passion play—in Baltimore

Film Maker Romero

The directors who made these films didn't go "on location." Most of them live where they work: on their own, away from the Hollywood movie machine. They are evidence that independent regional cinema—the hope of every film maker with big ideas and a tiny budget—is beginning to achieve the vitality and clout of America's burgeoning regional theater. George A. Romero's *Knightriders* (Pittsburgh) opened last week to a flurry of critical raves. Earl Owensby (Shelby), who built himself the largest single film studio outside Los Angeles, announces in *Variety* that *Living Legend*, which he produced and starred in, has grossed $11,284,028. John Waters (Baltimore), who earned a cult reputation with the fecally funky *Pink Flamingos*, is going respectably R rated with Tab Hunter and *Polyester*. John Sayles' no-budget comedy, *Return of the Secaucus 7* (North Conway), has earned $1.2 million in small theaters around the country. And a group of ornery independents have organized to show their films in a Manhattan art house Viewers who might otherwise catch *Caveman* will discover 17 fiction features and documentaries, including John Hanson and Rob Nilsson's painterly *Northern Lights* (Crosby) and Jan Egleson's vivid *The Dark of the Street* (Boston), featuring a curly-haired charmer named Laura Harrington. Good, bad or just different, regional cinema may be here to stay

In fact, the film makers share little more than the ambition to get their movies seen and a compulsion to do it their way, without the meeting-taking and compromises of the Hollywood scene. Most of the 17 films being distributed by First Run Features were financed, at least in part, by state or federal arts agencies The government can hold the independent director in a grip as tight as any old-line studio chief's, but without those grants the films might not be made. With the Reagan Administration planning to halve its funding of the arts and humanities endowments, these film makers must seek capital from private sources and from the public: hence the new theatrical showcases. Other artist-entrepreneurs raised money without feeding at the government teat. John Sayles wrote horror-movie scripts; Earl Owensby sold industrial supplies; George Romero shot sports profiles and TV commercials

Romero also traveled the commercial route to independence, with low-budget scare shows that made his name and his fortune: *Dawn of the Dead*, the 1979 sequel to his cult classic, *Night of the Living Dead*, has earned $55 million worldwide. The audience reaction to Romero's perfervid shockers has always been poised between a scream and a giggle. Now, with *Knightriders*, Romero has taken a bigger risk: he blends Arthurian legend with modern-day bikers—*Excalibur* meets *Easy Rider*—and dares the audience to laugh at the noble exploits of working-class jousters. The Camelot caravan juggles lofty ideals and hand-to-mouth reality as it journeys from one small town to another, exhibiting swordsmanship in battles where fellowship precariously reigns and only feelings get hurt. They are the most benign of outlaws; they embody the spirit of regional cinema

This makes for a splendid premise, and a dramatic dilemma. Except for a few oafishly drawn media sharpies, everyone in Romero's Paisley pageant is so nice that no true conflict arises. The movie begins in a splash of delirious lyricism—King William (Ed Harris), naked, birching himself clean in a sylvan lake before mounting his trusty motorsteed—then bogs down in 145 minutes of psychological *verismo*. The writer-director wants to present rounded, sympathetic characters but never allows them to develop beyond the caricatures in Reel 1. Romero, whose early films displayed the carnographic brio of the E.C. horror comic books of the '50s, has gone classic—or, at least, Classics Comics. Even his talent for visceral editing is restrained: the big tilts are flaccidly cut, and the final battle is confusingly anticlimactic. Romero has tried to fashion a

Writer-Director John Waters with Stars Divine and Tab Hunter on the set of *Polyester*

Having rowdy fun playing the independent film maker's game of scrounging for money.

post-industrial Camelot, and ended up putting a square peg in a Round Table.

In *Polyester*, Francine Fishpaw (Divine) presides over a bunch rowdier by far than any Dark Age cavalry. Her husband runs a movie house specializing in kiddie porn; her daughter trucks around with vicious punks; her son is a criminally insane foot fetishist. Only Todd Tomorrow (Tab Hunter), Francine's dream lover, offers any hope for spiritual regeneration, for he is everything her husband is not: handsome, slim, roughly debonair, and the owner of an art drive-in that shows Marguerite Duras triple bills. Best of all, he is in love with her . . . or so it seems. Francine should have known something would go wrong. She has, literally, a nose for trouble—and so has the film. *Polyester* is the first motion picture in Odorama, a wondrous screen gimmick that allows the movie audience to smell what Francine does. Discretion and good taste preclude revelation of the specific odors unleashed here, but be warned: this film isn't rated R for roses.

Tacky, tacky, tacky. That is the aim and the achievement of Writer-Director Waters. The décor in Francine's home looks to be straight out of *Lesser Homes and Gargoyles;* her husband breakfasts on Pepsi and Kix; the family dog leaves the message GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD and hangs itself from the refrigerator door. As with most farce, the movie sags when it runs out of middle-class icons to desecrate. But for any suitably depraved moviegoer, it offers as many honest laughs as *Airplane!* It's a vision of Baltimore that H.L. Mencken might have loved. As the polyester queen, Divine is woman enough for two—a fleshly-fantasy Miss Piggy. And in one sense, Waters' picture is unique: it's as if you'd never smelled a movie before.

In another sense, *Polyester* is like all independent films. Whether the director has reformist ideals or dreams of big bucks, whether his mogul is an arts council functionary or a local businessman looking for a tax write-off, the game of scrounging and scrambling must be played. *Dawn of the Dead* and *The Dark End of the Street* jump the same financial hurdles. Making movies and Making It may be, finally, the same thing. And sometimes It pays off. More than a few members of the New Hollywood elite —David Lynch (*The Elephant Man*), John Carpenter (*Halloween*), Martin Brest (*Going in Style*), Sean Cunningham (*Friday the 13th*), John Landis (*The Blues Brothers*)—got started in the business with pictures that cost $100,000 or less. It can be done. Just follow the advice of another ex-scrounger, Martin Scorsese: "You should just start working wherever you can! Get out, knock on every door, sneak into the studio. Drive counts. This is Hollywood." Scorsese might have added that, nowadays, Hollywood is wherever people with drive and dreams get together to make movies. So watch out, L.A. The next starstruck generation may just want to go Pittsburgh. —*By Richard Corliss*

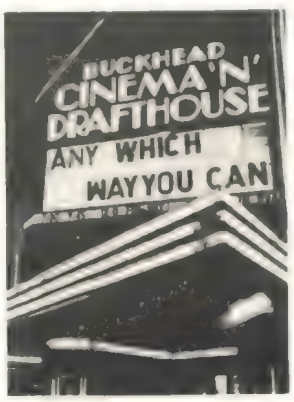
At Buckhead Cinema 'n' Drafthouse in Atlanta, the audience washes down Eastwood comedy

Now Playing: Sipping Cinemas

Movie bars find that a drink or two can help

As the screen lovers raise their glasses in a toast, so does just about everyone in the audience. *Wooroo!* Such synchronized celebrations take place nightly at a growing number of movie bars in the South and Northeast, where patrons may chase a good flick—or drown a bad one—with beer, wine or cocktails. Seated in executive-style leather swivel chairs ranged around butcher-block cocktail tables, customers have only to beckon a waitress for refills or to order sandwiches. They manage thus to combine the comforts of home with the fillip of a night out. Indeed, sipping cinemas may be a shot to stimulate the film industry.

Two real estate men originally from Columbus, Brothers Jim and John Duffy, 34 and 32, got the idea for movie bars when they had to fill some vacant space in a shopping center between Disney World and Orlando, Fla. Their aim was to build a theater with an atmosphere as close as possible to the customers' own living rooms. There are only 175 seats in their Village Cinema 'n' Drafthouse. Early arrivers get to see old movies and slides from the Duffy brothers' collection of W.C. Fields, Charlie Chaplin and the Marx brothers. Admission is only $1 a head. Food and drinks cost less than they do at competing entertainment spots: deli sandwiches average $2, a pitcher of beer or a carafe of wine, $4.50. "It's very difficult to get people to go out," says John Duffy. "We wanted to provide a revolutionary idea, the little 'oomph' to go to a movie."



Synchronized celebrations

The oomph worked well enough for the brothers to open two other movie bars in Florida and sell the franchises for two Cinema 'n' Drafthouses in Jacksonville and Atlanta. They have contracted to open five more franchises in the next year. The movies, changed each week, are usually comedies or action fare with stars like Clint Eastwood, Woody Allen and Burt Reynolds.

Two copies of the Duffy movie bars are dispensing drama and drinks (and pizza and pepperoni) in East Hartford and North Haven, Conn. The Poor Richard's Pub and Cinemas were also started by two brothers, Richard and Rene Dupuis, 45 and 35, who wanted to branch out of their family charter bus business. They too will open more. Says Rene: "A young couple can go out, see a movie, have a pitcher of beer, a couple of sandwiches and a box of popcorn for under $10. There aren't many places left like that."

Movie bar operators are actually helped by the weak economy, according to John Duffy. "When you see a downturn," he says, "people are more inclined to go out to a movie, and usually alcohol consumption goes up. People are interested in getting away from the problems of the world, so we've tried to create a happy atmosphere." Hollywood could even latch onto the trend with a new genre of happy-hour movies in which hero and heroine do almost nothing else but celebrate days of wine and Four Roses. ■

The Voice of Jonestown

Public radio plays previously unaired tapes of the cult's end

Like many mass murderers, the Rev. Jim Jones wanted posterity to understand. Amid all the carnage of the 1978 massacre in Guyana—911 dead—Jones was careful to leave behind hundreds of hours of tapes of his rambling harangues, indoctrination sessions and "white nights"—rehearsals for his cult's mass suicide. In all, 971 tapes were found in Guyana and California, sealed in plastic and shipped to Washington. Nearly four months after the killings, NBC-TV played a tape that included the horrifying sounds of the final shrieks and the gagging cries of dying children, but most of the recordings were locked away by the FBI on grounds that they might be needed as evidence in a trial of Larry Layton, a surviving aide to Jones. (Layton faces two charges of conspiracy, one in the murder of Congressman Leo J. Ryan and the other in the attempted murder of U.S. Diplomat Richard Dwyer.)

This week the public will hear some of those tapes for the first time. *Father Cares: The Last of Jonestown* (Thursday evening on National Public Radio) presents 90 minutes of Jones' bombast, plus a panel discussion and a call-in segment for listeners. The word for the tapes is "benumbing," says one of the program's scriptwriters, James Reston Jr., whose suit under the Freedom of Information Act won release of all but 25 tapes and enabled him to write the newly published book about Jones, *Our Father Who Art in Hell* (Times Books; $14.95). When he listened to the tapes, says Reston, "they were so full of schlock that I had to keep pinching myself to keep alert."

Jones conducts healing ceremonies — "Just begin to vomit and the cancer will unlodge," he tells an ailing woman—lectures on the glories of Communism and refuses to let his followers go to the bathroom without permission. He spends months courting the third secretary of the Soviet embassy in Guyana, Feodor Timofeyev. "Don't say brother, say comrade. Everybody say comrade," Jones coaches his followers in preparation for a Timofeyev visit to Jonestown. The diplomat shows up and gives a tepid pep talk on socialist solidarity, which Jones apparently seems to have taken as a hint that the Soviets would let his cult migrate. "I know after I heard his words," says Jones, "I didn't need to worry about my family, Jonestown, any more." At one point, loudspeakers in the compound blare out: "Study your lessons, study Russian."

Later Jones changes his mind and scorns the idea of going to the U.S.S.R. His talk turns to violence, suicide and an imagined encirclement of the community by enemies. "The death imagery on the tapes is almost continuous," says Yale Psychiatrist and Author Robert Jay Lifton. "He shuttles back and forth between suicide and violence to others." Jones tells the group that he thought seriously about committing suicide as a child after his little dog died—one sign, says Lifton, that the idea of killing himself was deeply planted in Jones' mind.

The leader calls a meeting to vent hostility about the complaints of relatives and others back in the U.S. Egged on by Jones, a small boy says of one critic: "I think [he] should die." As Jones cackles maniacally, the boy adds: "You know, cut him up and then put poison in him and invite all my relatives over there to eat him." The language grows Orwellian as Jones softens up the tribe for mass suicide: Love is more dangerous than hate; babies and children may have to be killed to save them from being shot by invading parachute troops.

Jones conducts lessons in coping with nosy reporters and visiting officials. If anyone asks whether Jonestown residents get paid for their work, Jones advises, the answer should be "What would I need with wages? I get everything I need." To a woman who cannot understand his coaching he says, "You should avoid the reporters like the plague, honey, because you don't think well on your feet. You just say hi."

Jones' eerie cackling, says Clinical Psychologist E. Lakin Phillips of George Washington University, sounds "like the kind of thing you would hear in a mental hospital." By the end, Jones' voice has changed register, his speech slurred by drugs and physical illness. "It's clear," says Lifton, "that he is moving into psychosis." He complains about attempts to poison his food and announces he died and came back to life after three minutes.

Jonestown was bristling with guns, but Jones apparently never had much heart for armed resistance to the invasion he was sure would come. As the tapes show, suicide was the final act in the script all along, and Jones considered the threat of suicide a reliable deterrent to any encroachments by outsiders. "They want to cause anarchy in our midst," said Jones. "I'd just as soon bring it all to a gallant, glorious, screaming end. Just bring it to a screeching stop in one glorious moment of triumph." Comments Lifton: "It was the end of his quest for a future—he would immortalize himself and finally make a mark by killing himself."

When the time came, however, Jones could not quite bring it off. On the final day, he downed a fatal dose of barbiturates, but before they could take effect he asked his nurse to finish him off. She folded his hands across his chest and fired a bullet into his head. —*By John Leo. Reported by Susan Schindehette/Washington*

Jones on the day of the massacre

"Father Cares"

Excerpts from the Rev. Jim Jones' rhetoric as his community disintegrated

▸ "Christianity was never based on the idea of an unknown God . . . Jesus said that every human being was a god. It's written that you're god, I'm a god, and you're a god. But until I see all of you know who you are, I'm going to be very much what I am."

▸ "You don't know how clever I am. One thing you've all done is underestimate me. I made plans for treason long ago 'cause I knew I couldn't trust anything but Communism and the principle in me."

▸ "Be careful 'cause Santa Claus is checking his list. Going over it twice. Seeing who is naughty and who is nice [a warning that children are taught to spy on their parents for Jones]."

▸ "I want you to *be* what I am and something greater . . . if you don't want to go this route, then go to hell where you want to, but don't bother me."

▸ "We will not allow any of our people to be taken . . . We are people that live by pacifism . . . We could have taken hostages, but we do have the right to die, and everyone made that decision."

▸ "Father cares, father cares . . . good night my darlings, good night comrade, good night comrade."

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Finney mourning his lost locks

my nails grow," says Fonda, 43, "but I'm going to cut them when this is over. I've found that you can't lead a normal life-style with long nails."

■

Most actors worry about what winds up on the cutting-room floor after a film has been shot. **Albert Finney,** 44 *(Tom Jones, Murder on the Orient Express),* got the worst over with first. For his role as Multimillionaire Daddy Warbucks in the film *Annie,* directed by veteran **John Huston,** Finney had his sandy hair shorn, lock, shock and cowlick. Said he afterward: "I've heard that the first thing a woman notices about a man is his hair." Finney, who will get $1 million for five months of shooting, need not worry about such a hair-brained notion for long. Once the film is finished, his hair, like the sun, will come out tomorrow.

Kristofferson and Fonda all dressed up before getting down to business

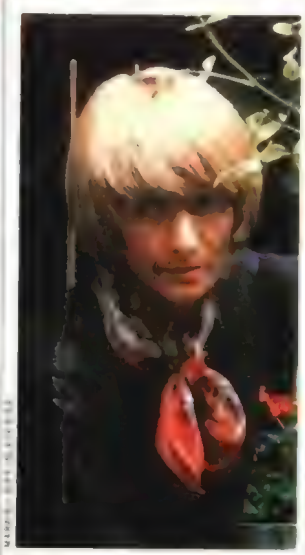
She plays Lee Winters, a former film star and the widowed heiress to a petrochemical empire. He portrays Hub Smith, a gutsy, maverick banker and corporate troubleshooter. Together they embark on a daring financial scheme with, you guessed it, international repercussions. The plot for the film *Rollover,* due to be released in December, is made even more intriguing by the presence of Co-Stars **Jane Fonda** *(The China Syndrome, Coming Home)* and **Kris Kristofferson** *(A Star Is Born:* and this week's re-released *Heaven's Gate),* who do not ordinarily play corporate types. Still, the actress came prepared for her Establishment role, right down to her fingertips. "I had to let

■

"Rudi and I dancing together was not a big deal, but pure tongue-in-cheek fun," says **Mikhail Baryshnikov,** 33, of his first appearance with Countryman **Rudolf Nureyev,** 43. Though they are longtime rivals, each responded with a hearty *da* when Choreographer **Paul Taylor** suggested that they pair up at the opening night gala for his New York dance company. The result was about as Russian as apple pie. In *From Sea to Shining Sea,* Taylor's 1965 send-up of American life, Baryshnikov played an office worker and George Washington, while Nureyev portrayed a workman and a Brando-like waterfront tough. During a *pas de trois* romp with Dancer **Gwen Verdon,** they hoisted her up onto their shoulders, then discovered that she was facing away from the audience. Said Nureyev: "The great thing about America is that you can laugh at yourself when things go wrong. In Russia you can't."

■

The title of *Bonjour Tristesse,* her first novel, written when she was just 18, was inspired by Paul Eluard's poem. She took her last name from a character in Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past.* And in the preface to her latest bestseller, *Le Chien Couchant,* published last November, French Novelist **Françoise Sagan** admitted to pinching the plot from a 16-year-old short story by Writer **Jean Hougron** and thanked him for his "involuntary cooperation." Though the confession had just the cavalier charm that has long delighted Sagan's readers, Hougron was not amused. He took her into a Paris court on a charge of plagiarism. The judge called *Le Chien Couchant* "illicit reproduction" and ordered her to split all royalties with Hougron. The court further ruled that all unsold copies be confiscated, and the printing plates destroyed. Last week Sagan filed an appeal. Meanwhile, Critic **Jean Didier Wolfromm** added a Gallic twist by noting the striking similarities between Sagan's story and an earlier yarn by Suspense Writer **Georges Simenon.** Concludes Wolfromm: "If anyone is entitled to sue, it should be Georges."



Plot Pincher Sagan in Paris

Misha and Rudi upending Verdon

On the Record

Andy Warhol, pop artist, on his creative aspirations: "If I had my way, I'd paint Campbell soup cans every day. It's just so easy, and you don't have to think. It's just too hard to think."

Martin Cruz Smith, author, basking in the success of his new suspense novel, *Gorky Park:* "I'll tell you what success does for you. Before, I was treated as an idiot. Now I'm treated as an idiot savant."

Francine du Plessix Gray, novelist, on writer's block: "Being a Catholic, I think it's one of the seven deadly sins."

Show Business

The Duke and His Court

Gregory Hines taps to stardom in Sophisticated Ladies

There are many good reasons why people are lining up to see Broadway's new hit, *Sophisticated Ladies*. There is, first of all, the music Duke Ellington composed, ranging from the driving rhythms of *Cottontail* to the dreamy melodies of *Mood Indigo* and *Solitude*. Second, there is a fine ensemble company of singers and dancers, both blacks and whites, who work together as closely as the two halves of a zipper. Third, there is Judith Jamison, who has forsaken stardom with the Alvin Ailey dance troupe to glide majestically across the stage of the Lunt-Fontanne Theater and reveal a surprisingly agreeable singing voice. The most sophisticated of all sophisticated ladies, Jamison looks like an Egyptian statue come to life, Nefertiti with a satiny Harlem sheen.

Fourth—and perhaps one, two and three as well—there is Co-Star Gregory Hines, 35, who is a kind of duke himself. Hines, though, plays his tunes with his feet. He is a descendant of such tap masters as Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Bill ("Bojangles") Robinson, Honi Coles and the Nicholas Brothers, the duo that provided, in old film clips and a brief live appearance, the happiest moments in last month's Academy Awards ceremonies. Tapsichore is back in full swing, after a lull of more than two decades. The balletic choreography of *Oklahoma!* sounded taps for tap in the '40s, and *West Side Story* buried it in the late '50s. Only in the '70s, with such shows as *No, No Nanette* and *Sugar Babies*, did it begin its comeback. *Sophisticated Ladies* is proof that audiences still love that syncopated beat.

Slim and rakish, Hines wields the fastest pair of spats in the East; his feet move with percussive force. In the show's most exciting number, *Kinda Dukish*, Hines recalls Bojangles' famous stair routine, tapping his way up a flight and then, with audacious nonchalance, tapping back down again—accompanied by cheers from the audience. "His feet are going 150 miles an hour," says Jamison. Adds Co-Producer Manheim Fox: "Hines is the perfect embodiment of the spirit of Duke Ellington. His performance expresses everything he has been doing since the age of two."

It does, and he has: Hines' mother had Gregory and his older brother Maurice dancing as soon as they were out of diapers. "At the time blacks tended to become policemen or athletes," Gregory says, "but my mother decided that we'd have something better, and she became our agent, our manager and the person who screwed the taps on our shoes. I don't remember a time when I wasn't dancing."

"The Hines Kids" started out in Harlem, where they were born, but soon were traveling around the country as a warm-up act for bigger stars. In 1962 they joined forces with their father Maurice and became Hines, Hines and Dad. That was their name when that old talent scout Johnny Carson saw them in Chicago and invited them to appear on his show, the first of a dozen or more visits. After that they got even bigger bookings, at the Palladium in London and the Olympia Theater in Paris.

Success did not bring a happy ending to H., H. & D., however. The trio always seemed to spend more than it made, and Gregory and Maurice began tugging in opposite directions. In 1973 they finally split up, and Gregory, who had acquired a wife, a daughter, a dog and an expensive Manhattan apartment, left it all behind and headed to laid-back Venice, Calif. "That was the free-love, tune-in, turn-on period out on the Coast," he says. "It sounded good to me, so I went. I was going through what most people experience in their teens. When you start working at the age of six, you miss out on a bit."

Venice proved the tonic Gregory needed. He joined a men's sensitivity group, started a jazz-rock band—called Severance, fittingly enough—and met Pamela Koslow. In 1978 he and Pam returned to Manhattan so Hines could be close to his daughter Daria, who is now ten. All grown up at the age of 32, he was happy to dance again with Maurice in *Eubie!*, which lasted for a year and a half. After that came two movies. Mel Brooks' *The History of the World—Part I* is due in June and *Wolfen*, with Albert Finney, is scheduled to be released in July.

The out-of-town woes of *Sophisticated Ladies* might have made Hines long for Venice again. Gregory was fired and rehired, and for a time he and Jamison, who are required to engage in a long, soulful kiss in Act I, were not even speaking. But the last-minute arrival of Director-Choreographer Michael Smuin brought a new concept and a new spirit to the show. He discarded the book, brought in new numbers and took out others. Between Washington and New York, the production changed dramatically—and theatergoers can be happy that it did. The show is sophisticated, but more than that, it bounces with joy. "It don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing," sings the cast, and they are right. Hines, Jamison and the show's other elegant folk do everything but swing from the balcony. So does the audience. *—By Gerald Clarke. Reported by Elaine Dutka/New York*

High-Steppers Hines, above, and Jamison

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Close, Closer, Closest

In New York, a show that helps redefine the limits of portraiture

They are not, in any sense, portraits of Beautiful People. Every wrinkle, bulge and sag in their flesh is colossally magnified: a face 9 ft. high is no longer a face but a wall of imperfections that mock the convention of "good looks." The face is always seen head on, like a mug shot or a passport photo; yet it is blown up to the size of some staring mosaic Pantocrator on a Byzantine apse. These are, of course, the portraits by Chuck Close—familiar items in the art of the 1970s—now gathered in a retrospective of Close's work, which, after its debut last fall at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, opened last week at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art.

Those who believe an artist ought to be a creature of inspiration are likely to have difficulties with Close. There is no more phlegmatic temperament in American art, or so one might think; the divine afflatus is reduced, in his paintings, to metered squirts from an air brush. His procedure for the big portraits that made his name in the 1970s never varied. First Close photographed the sitter, with a depth of field so short that there are blurs of focus in the distance from the eyeball to the tip of the nose, or from the edge of a lip to the lobe of the ear. Then he made color separations of the image and scaled it up to the giant canvas by means of a finely ruled grid. After that the image was transferred, square by square.

To get "natural" hues—as natural as those of color photography—Close applied three overlays of standard color, in effect, three monochrome portraits painted on top of each other: first red, then blue, then yellow. The illusion rises quite automatically out of the method. Seen against the plodding, laborious character of the day-to-day work, which requires up to a year for one finished painting, it has a more than hallucinatory quality. "I want the thinnest, most ethereal possible paint film, with colors built by superimposing one color over another so that there's almost nothing there—you could take your fingernail and scratch it off," says Close. "It is rather like magic. When I get to the last color, yellow, you can't see the pigment come out of the air brush—it's like waving a magic wand in front of the picture, and the purple eye becomes brown. It's really quite wonderful; there are a few kicks left in this racket after all, and that's one of them."

The observer's eye knows nothing of the sitters in advance. None of them is famous for being famous, except at the SoHo level of celebrity—some being, in fact, well-known artists, like the sculptor Richard Serra or the composer Philip Glass. Thus what Close proposes is a kind of portraiture diametrically opposite to Andy Warhol's images of Marilyn or Liz, where the painting, an icon of the Star, adapts itself to the intrusive power of repetition and generalization. With Close, there is no generalization at all. None of his faces has a role. There are no costumes, props or traces of social relationships, no evidence of the sitter's work or status; in short, none of the facts that portraiture traditionally conveys.

JACK MITCHELL

Chuck Close reclines in front of his portrait *Mark*, 1978-79

Magic wand, giant pores and a relentlessly forensic approach.

Above all, there is no analysis of character. We feel we learn something about Rembrandt from looking at the late self-portraits. About Close's sitters, one learns nothing—except that they have more pores than the travertine of the Colosseum. One's curiosity about who they may be is stifled by Close's relentlessly forensic approach. The images verify without interpreting; each face is as naked as a body, a piece of unveiled skin with orifices. It is neither blank nor expressive, but simply there—a topographical essay, like a fulsomely detailed map that has somehow acquired the gratuitousness of art. One is sharply reminded, after a little time in this show, that Close's real subject is not people: the heads, as Art Historian Martin Friedman points out in his catalogue essay, are "portraits of photographs," and their aggregation of detail forces us to reflect on process—how they were made, why they need to carry so much information. They are conceptual art, of a kind: Idea before Painting. What other realist painter comes near this minimalist harshness? Close's images pay absolute homage to the power of an overriding system; they might have been done on autopilot.

The applications of this system vary a good deal. Sometimes the grid of Close's preliminary studies is large in relation to the scale of the image; it turns into big programmed dots that define the face tonally, without giving much information about it at all. "On that scale," Close points out, "a dot just can't be specific, it can't stand for individual hairs, it has to be very general." In the largest studies, the face may almost vanish in the welter of information, becoming ungraspable, as the original photograph never was. In between there are many thresholds of transition, where the changes of size alter the whole relationship, within the image, of photography (the source) to painting (the product). Sometimes, more recently, Close seems to abandon the grid altogether, transforming his standard face of Philip Glass into an almost rococo swirl of repeated fingerprints impressed on the canvas from an ink pad: a literal parody, if ever there was one, of the "sense of touch" in traditional painting. But always he seems to be after a kind of minimalist nirvana where, as he puts it, "every square inch was physically the same, where there was no area of more beautiful brushing or virtuoso art marks."

In the process, Close has produced an unattractive art of striking intelligence. "If you do your job right, if you do it one bit at a time, one piece of information at a time, you can end up with something that has emotional impact without having to resort to emotional gestures," he maintains. "Human heads are things people care about. You can't mess around with them—but I'm interested in being flat-footed about it." And in this flat-footed way, Close has done more to redefine the limits of portraiture than any other painter of his generation. —*By Robert Hughes*

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Watergate Ghosts Rise Again

Two ex-officials win a pardon; two others have new troubles

Former Veep Spiro Agnew

Richard Nixon lives quietly on Manhattan's East Side nowadays, H.R. Haldeman works for a low-profile Los Angeles real estate firm, and Deep Throat has long since fallen silent. But as the events of last week emphasized, the ghosts of Watergate still rise into the nation's headlines from time to time. In three widely varied legal actions, prominent figures from that inglorious era were exonerated, embroiled in a new scandal or re-attacked for an old one. Without even petitioning for it, two top former FBI officials won a full and unconditional pardon from President Reagan for authorizing illegal break-ins aimed at the radical Weather Underground group in 1972 and 1973. In Phoenix, former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who succeeded John Mitchell in 1972, was indicted for perjury during a state bar investigation. Most interesting of all from a legal standpoint, former Vice President Spiro Agnew suffered some setbacks in an unusual taxpayers' suit that stems from his years as Governor of Maryland. The suit, scheduled to go to trial in Annapolis this week, is attempting to recover kickbacks that Agnew allegedly received from Maryland contractors.

Agnew's most serious legal problems had seemed at an end in 1973, when he agreed to resign the vice presidency and pay a $10,000 fine on pleading no contest to tax evasion charges. The unpaid taxes were traced to his failure to report as income the kickbacks that he supposedly received between 1967 and 1972 for the awarding of certain engineering contracts. But as part of the 1973 agreement, the Justice Department refrained from forcing him to admit any guilt in the alleged kickback scheme. Ever since 1976, however, Agnew has been fighting off a suit brought by three Maryland taxpayers, one of whom came up with the idea in a Georgetown law school class on legal activism. Their novel theory: the $200,000 in kickbacks that he allegedly took have been held by him "in trust" for the state and should be turned over to its treasury. Including interest, Agnew's liability would total $350,000 if the suit succeeds.

Despite the circumstances of his resignation, Agnew has always denied that he took any kickbacks. His hopes of making this contention hold up in court have now been damaged by two developments. First, Judge Bruce Williams ordered Agnew's attorney to give the plaintiffs seven years' worth of his client's tax returns, including the unpublished record of the 1973 tax settlement. Then, Co-Defendant Jerome Wolff agreed to testify against Agnew during the trial. As head of Maryland's roads commission between 1967 and 1969, Wolff was accused of receiving some of the same kickbacks. In return for his testimony, he will be dropped from the suit. A third defendant, Real Estate Developer I.H. Hammerman, paid the state $52,500 last November rather than continue fighting the charges.

Agnew not only faces a possible $350,000 judgment but also must contend with a multimillion-dollar libel suit filed by a former campaign manager and personal attorney who was named in his 1980 book *Go Quietly . . . or Else*. However, owing mainly to the international investment deals he packages, Agnew is believed to have a hefty income. He owns a condominium in a waterfront high-rise in Ocean City, Md., and a lavish home in Palm Springs, Calif., where he surfaces sporadically to trim his golf handicap of 23.

Retired FBI officials Felt, left, and Miller

A feeling "I certainly owe the Gipper one."

The former FBI men who were pardoned are W. Mark Felt, 67, the second ranking official of the bureau during the final days of the Nixon Administration, and Edward S. Miller, 57, one of his deputies. They had authorized agents to make illegal break-ins at the New York–area homes of friends and relatives of members of the Weather Underground. The Weatherpeople were suspected of bombings at the Capitol, the Pentagon and other public buildings, and the FBI was seeking clues to their whereabouts. Last fall a federal jury convicted Felt and Miller, now retired, of violating the residents' constitutional protection against unlawful searches. They were given relatively light fines of $5,000 and $3,500, respectively.

From the start, Reagan had been troubled by the prosecution. A mere ten days after being inaugurated, he had White House Counsellor Edwin Meese contact Thomas Kennelly, the lawyer representing Miller. Meese asked for memos from both defendants' lawyers outlining reasons for pardoning them. By March 26 the pardons were signed, but the following week's assassination attempt delayed the announcement. Remarked a joyful Miller: "I certainly owe the Gipper one."

Reagan, citing Jimmy Carter's pardon of "thousands" of Viet Nam–era draft evaders, explained: "We can be no less generous to two men who acted on high principle to bring an end to the terrorism that was threatening our nation." But in granting the pardon, Reagan went so far as to dispute the jury's findings. "The record demonstrates," he said, "that they acted not with criminal intent, but in the belief that they had grants of authority reaching to the highest levels of Government." That was too much for Special Prosecutor John Nields, already miffed by the White House's failure to consult him before acting. Said Nields: "Whoever wrote that 'criminal intent' language doesn't know the facts. The jury heard the facts for eight weeks and found precisely that. That's what the trial was all about."

The troubles for Kleindienst, who has been practicing law in Tucson for several years, apparently grew out of his role in a multiparty insurance deal in 1976. After a complex series of transactions, an Arizona insurance company claimed it had been bilked of $1.75 million, and the state bar launched a three-year investigation of Kleindienst's conduct in the affair. Last week a Maricopa County grand jury charged him with 14 counts of lying before one of the bar's committees. Ironically, in his reaction to the indictment, Kleindienst recalled, consciously or not, a famous denial made by his onetime boss Richard Nixon. Said Kleindienst: "I am not a liar." —*By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

Richard Kleindienst

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Hockey's Great Gretzky

A 20-year-old sensation rewrites the record books

Two years ago, Hockey Legend Gordie Howe had some advice for Rookie Wayne Gretzky: "No matter how much you make, get out there and earn it." Now in his second season with the Edmonton Oilers, Gretzky, 20, obeys the commandment. The 5-ft. 11-in., 165-lb. center is the most exciting one-man show in the sport. Little known outside the puck-hustling world, the Great Gretzky, as he is called by ice-rink railbirds, blows N.H.L. records like wildcat gushers on the Alberta plains.

Gretzky singlehanded pulled the Oilers, an undistinguished expansion team, out of the basement and rewrote league history in the process. The slight youngster this season amassed 164 points —goals plus assists—well beyond the record of 152 held safely for a decade by Phil Esposito. In addition, Bobby Orr's 1970 mark of 102 assists fell to Gretzky's bombsight passing. New total: 109. Experts argue that it is easier for strong players to score goals and assists now that the N.H.L. is bloated with lackluster expansion teams. But Oiler Coach Glen Sather points out: "Wayne doesn't have an Orr passing him the puck like Espo did."

In fact, Gretzky contributed to eleven of the Oilers' 15 goals against the third-ranked Montreal Canadiens in the playoffs. That performance forced hockey's class act into amateurish mistakes and French expletives, as Edmonton swept the series in three games. Says Sather of his center: "A guy like him should be a national treasure. There's no limit to what he can do."

Gretzky has long been a child of bright promise. His early ability to handle star turns began at age two, when Father Walter, a telephone company technician, flooded a piece of their Brantford, Ont., backyard to make a bumpy rink. Years of bruising youth games later, Gretzky's novice appearances were sellouts. Hockey greats like Montreal's Jean Béliveau came to marvel at his ability, and an amateur coach offered players $25 if they could stop the Great Gretzky. Apparently no one ever collected. Two years ago, Gretzky joined Edmonton, then part of the old World Hockey Association. Last year, Edmonton's first in the N.H.L., he tied Los Angeles' Marcel Dionne for total points, with 137, and was voted the league's leading player.

Blond-mopped and boyish-looking, Gretzky exploits a trick from novice days: too small to anchor himself in front of the goal like a normal center, he hides behind the net and passes from there. It is still his favorite ploy. Says Gretzky: "Some guys are defensive, some score goals, and some are tough. For me it's just as nice to pass the puck and watch someone else shoot as to score myself." Gretzky's game relies on deceptive speed and accurate but not hard shooting. His stick handling is the best in the N.H.L. He often plays keep-away against muscle teams like Boston or St. Louis. He is too fast to be slashed and high-sticked by hockey's ever present goon squads. "Some guys hit me, but guys miss a lot too," he laughs. Gretzky also plays hockey the way a grand master envisions chess. He anticipates passes and patterns that develop seconds later. Gretzky's only weakness is defense: he sometimes forgets it exists. Says Sather: "I have to remind him now and then."

Gretzky needs nothing to remind him of why he wears the unusual number 99 on his blue-and-orange Oilers uniform. His $5 million–plus contract runs until 1999, with an option to renegotiate sooner. A friend asked if he would demand more money after this season's stellar performance. Gretzky replied, "Naw. If I'd had a bad year, I wasn't going to give the money back." Oilers Owner Peter Pocklington is enthusiastic: "I was offered $2 million for him, but $10 million wouldn't buy him. There's no price on greatness." Toronto Owner Harold Ballard can think of one: "I'd trade my whole team for the kid, and throw in the farm club too."

Gretzky makes almost as much in endorsements for hockey equipment, jeans and razors (although he has to shave only twice a week) as he does in salary, but he allows himself a modest $150 a month spending money. While many youngsters his age would still be playing semi-pro hockey, Gretzky responds like a seasoned veteran. Slightly injured early in a game last year by a Pittsburgh player, Gretzky winked at the trainer: "How is the crowd taking this?"

The crowds are taking it just fine, but wonder if Gretzky's greatness can carry the Oilers past the defending champion New York Islanders this week in the quarter-finals. "I can pass the puck all night," says Gretzky, "but someone has to put it in the net. One guy can't win or lose the Stanley Cup." If Wayne cannot do it, there are more Gretzkys back in Brantford. Brother Keith, 14, is already topping Wayne's junior records. Glen, 11, and Brent, 9, are coming up fast. Oldtimers are shaking their heads. The National Gretzky League? —*By J.D. Reed. Reported by Ed Ogle/Vancouver*

Edmonton Oilers' Wayne Gretzky shows his puckish smile and his grace with a puck

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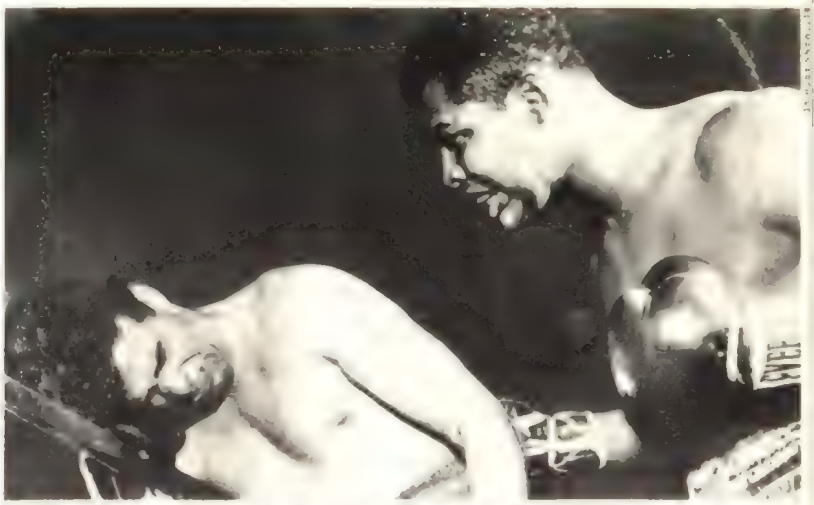

The Brown Bomber battering Max Schmeling at Yankee Stadium in 1938

Requiem for a Heavyweight

Joe Louis: 1914-1981

Joe Louis, World Heavyweight champion from 1937 to 1949, was perhaps the greatest boxer in history. He defended his title a record 25 times. Of 71 professional fights he lost only three, recording 54 knockouts. Yet he once observed "If you dance, you gotta pay the piper. Believe me, I danced and I paid, and I left him a big fat tip." His dance was a flat-footed shuffle and a blur of powerful arms, and payment was eventual poverty and emotional problems. In the ring, the Brown Bomber was an impassive menace who revealed neither hatred nor benevolence. But from the first time he fought until his death last week of a heart attack at 66, he remained a victim of the pungent, half-lit world of the fight game.

The son of an Alabama sharecropper, Louis quit school as a teen-ager in Detroit to help support a hungry family. But after capturing the A.A.U. title in 1934, he amazed the pros by winning 34 fights, earning some $500,000 and taking the championship from James J. Braddock —all in three years. He did not waste words, either: "As soon as I catch 'em, I put 'em to sleep." When critics doubted that he could take the lighter, classier Billy Conn in 1941, Louis observed, "He can run, but he can't hide."

Louis' most famous fight lasted a mere 2 min. 4 sec. In a rematch with Max Schmeling, who had kayoed him in 1936, Louis redefined fury. Schmeling had to recover in a hospital. Now 75 and a prosperous West German businessman, Schmeling last week recalled his postwar friendship with Louis: "Joe was a highly decent person, but he was exploited because he was so good-natured."

Louis' fights earned $4.8 million, but the money went like three-minute rounds: ex-wives, bad bets and old friends drained it away. The IRS demanded $1.2 million in back taxes and penalties from him, and he suffered the humiliation of professional wrestling to help pay his debts. Following several stays in hospitals for drug abuse and paranoia, he became an "official greeter" at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas.

Despite his personal setbacks, he remains the major black hero of his time. A decade before Jackie Robinson broke baseball's color barrier, radios in the inner city blared his fights on hot summer nights, and street dances followed his victories. He toured the world, met F.D.R., and New York Mayor James Walker floridly proclaimed, "You laid a rose on Abraham Lincoln's grave." Louis was uncomfortable in the role of symbol. "Jesus Christ, am I all that?" he asked. He was, and could reflect in 1978, "I've been in a whole lot of fights inside the ring and outside. I like to think I won most of them."

Louis scored a T.K.O. in one bout he never fought. He told Muhammad Ali on television, "When I was champion, I went on what they called the bum-of-the-month tour." "You mean I'm a bum?" Ali asked. "You woulda been on the tour," Louis deadpanned. Many experts who saw both men in their prime agree that the Bomber would have whupped the Greatest. Even Ali, who remained strangely silent about Louis' death, concurs. As he tearfully told TIME last week, "Joe Louis was my inspiration. I idolized him. He wrote the book on boxing—the way he stood, the way he blocked shots was beautiful. I just give lip service to being the greatest. He was the greatest." Louis was to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery at the request of President Reagan, the dancing done, the piper paid in full. ■

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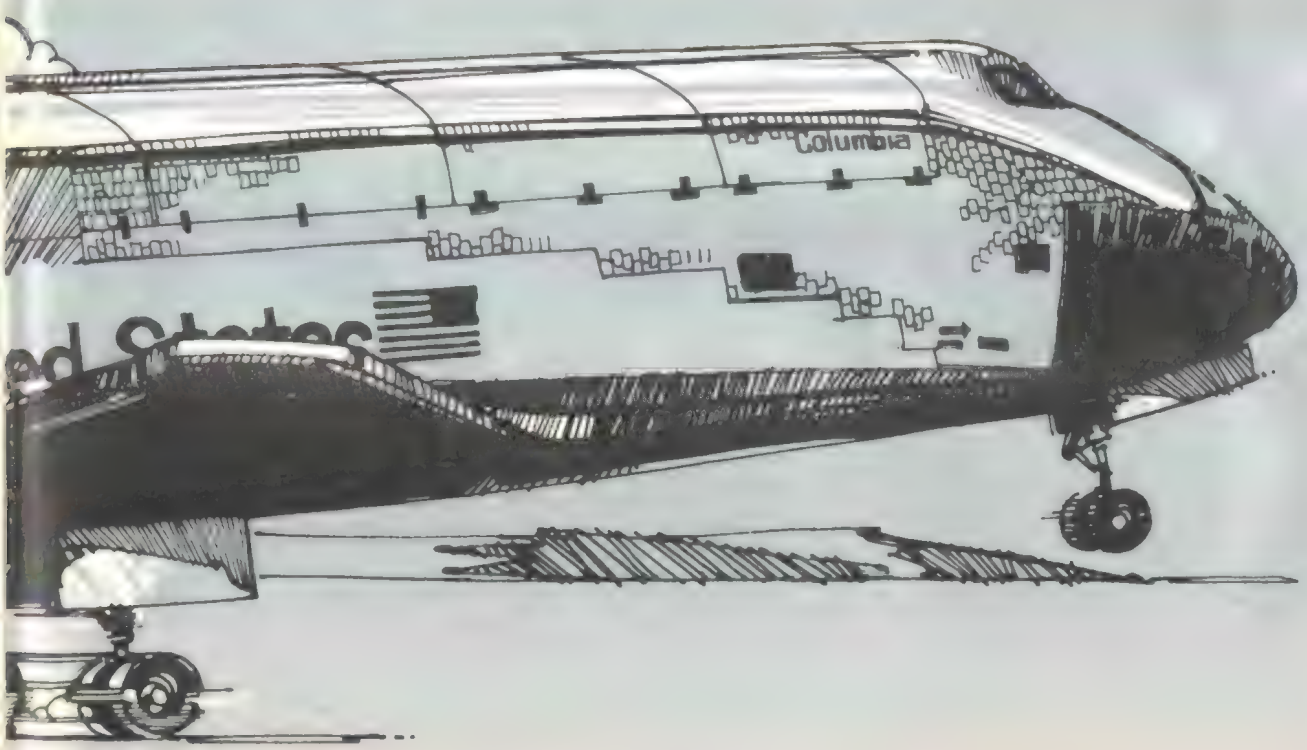

Sounds from a White Room

ECM starts its second decade as the world's top jazz label

Imagine a typical jazz recording session: a bunch of cooled-out dudes breeze into the studio some time between soon and whenever, take a drink or two, pass some smoke and lay down some tracks by and by. No sweat, no strain, see you later.

Forget it. That kind of scene may get by—marginally—in the movies, but at ECM Records it would be considered strictly for the tourist trade. There is a sort of house high-seriousness about all the diverse jazz on the ECM label. For its sessions, one must attune one's mythic misconceptions accordingly

Manfred Eicher of ECM takes five in a New York City studio: "We want controlled contrast"

From polyphonies and silences to jazz-rock fusion and improvisational rhapsodies

Typically, Manfred Eicher, 35, the founder, manager and premier producer of ECM, will fly his musicians into a Norwegian studio nicknamed the Whale, right in the heart of downtown Oslo. The musicians start to work as soon as they shake off the jet lag. An album usually takes two days to record—a day for each side—with a third day reserved for mixing. Very businesslike, minimal distractions. Oslo is short on hotspots likely to divert attention from the matter at hand For fun, the musicians trundle off to the Edvard Munch Museum

The image of jazz musicians recreating beside one of Munch's images of spiritual frenzy and psychic fear is not lacking in amusing undertones or, for that matter, in cultural cross references Munch worked out of the same abyss, after all, as Charlie Parker and Ornette Coleman. ECM is a haven for many of the descendants of these jazz giants and stresses a kind of stylistic riskiness underpinned by sobriety. The music that has done the most to build the five-man European company into the world's most thriving jazz label ranges in style and quality from the vaulting improvisational rhapsodies of Keith Jarrett to the congenial jazz-rock fusion of Pat Metheny and the slick sketches of Chick Corea. Jarrett, Metheny and Corea account for most of the label's top ten albums. Jarrett's ravishingly beautiful *The Köln Concert*, released in 1975, has sold more than 750,000 copies—a strong showing for a double album in any league, even rock

This sort of corporate taste, together with an obviously strong case of business smarts, has got ECM a felicitous distribution arrangement with Warner Bros. Records, which takes care of manufacturing and marketing and gives Eicher a free creative hand. Eicher, in turn, gives them not only jazz that sells records—a rare enough commodity—but jazz to boast about, jazz that sets a style and a standard. A young jazz musician would want an ECM label the way a short-story writer would want to be published in *The New Yorker*

"I am a European," the German-born Eicher noted during a talk in ECM's unprepossessing offices overlooking a parking lot in Munich. "And I'm very consciously a product of this continent. I will instinctively link everything I do with the musical achievements accumulated in these latitudes for more than 2,500 years." Long on cerebration and sometimes short on funk, the Eicher approach evolved from early infatuations with Coleman, John Coltrane and Miles Davis. Talking about jazz, he still sounds like a booster for the home team. "As much as I like and appreciate the African spontaneity that propels so much jazz, I feel that the Western orbit has a specific quality to add. Complex polyphonies. Extended silences. The value of the contemplative."

When he was still in high school, Eicher hitchhiked from his home in Lindau, on Lake Constance, into Munich to catch a Dizzy Gillespie concert, and a few years later, on scholarship to the august Berlin Academy of Music, he lived on yogurt so he would not have to skimp on his record collection. Production-assistant jobs around various Munich recording studios kept him in curds and vinyl until he met up with Karl Egger, a burly purveyor of discount audio and records Egger suggested to Eicher that they record displaced American jazzmen who had fled the rock-dominated music biz back home for the burgeoning jazz scene in Munich. "It was an era," Eicher recalls, "when the new artists were there to be grabbed."

Egger bankrolled, Eicher produced, and in 1970 the first record on ECM was pressed: *Free at Last* by the superb pianist Mal Waldron. Only 500 copies of the record were originally turned out, but 14,300 eventually sold. Now an initial ECM pressing averages 10,000 albums for its established acts and 6,000 for the three or four unknowns it introduces every year

There are no long-term contracts at ECM, even for the stars. "Jarrett, like all good jazzers, values personal friendship higher than any written piece of paper," says Eicher. Indeed, it is unlikely that any contemporary jazz artist could find elsewhere the particular combination of creative congeniality, "very fair" royalty rates and marketing clout that ECM has to offer. This has led, almost inevitably, to the threat of corporate complacency, a cloud over the cachet. ECM has taken some heat for issuing smug, snug suburban jazz, and, perhaps in response, Eicher has brought some fringe groups into the fold. He has released two records by the Art Ensemble of Chicago, who lay down a kind of ripped and fragmented aural collage, as well as an acetylene album by Old and New Dreams, a group of former Coleman sidemen, populated by such wizards as Don Cherry and Charlie Haden. "We want controlled contrast," Eicher says, and to prove it ECM has released two albums by Steve Reich that are less jazz than free-form contemporary classical, tonal experiments that sound like the air currents heard in a silent white room

Eicher, who is divorced, still fuels up on yogurt and black coffee but does not go to many jazz clubs these days, although his Munich digs might be mistaken for the apartment of an affluent student. The place is crammed with books and records, but Eicher recently declined to spend $20,000 for a Josef Albers oil. He did not have the room for it, he said. Besides, the next time he is recording in Oslo, he can always go look at a Munch or two —*By Jay Cocks. Reported by Franz Spelman/Munich*

Beating the Sophomore Jinx

ORIGINAL SINS *by Lisa Alther; Knopf; 592 pages; $13.95*

After writing a truly successful first novel, most authors feel obliged to try again. The odds are not encouraging. Fledgling novelists tend to pour everything they know or have experienced into their first efforts. Replenishing bare cupboards is never easy, especially when new demands imposed by literary fame are added to the normal burdens of living and working. Then there is the problem of a presold audience, its expectations buoyed by an impressive debut. What, this group itches to know, can the sophomore writer do for an encore?

The critical and commercial acclaim that greeted *Kinflicks* (1976) subjected Novelist Lisa Alther, 36, to just that question. The answer: She does pretty much the same thing over again, except that she does more of it and better. *Kinflicks* followed a single heroine from her Tennessee upbringing through a series of wacky encounters up North with the countercultures of the '60s. *Original Sins* quintuples its predecessor, offering five main characters, all Southerners, who try to grow up in a region and a country that are changing even faster than they are.

Lisa Alther: constructing a broad social portrait

Secure in their eastern Tennessee mill town and its surrounding valley, Emily and Sally Prince play childhood games with Raymond and Jed Tatro. They are joined by Donny Tatro, who is not related to the other boys, although their ancestors once owned his; Donny is black. High school and adolescence break the original ties that bound this group together. Donny is firmly segregated elsewhere, while Emily and Raymond turn out to be misfits and loners; she is gawky and plays basketball, while he collects stamps and mopes around in rayon shirts and reindeer sweater vests. Only Sally and Jed thrive in their environment and become small-bore celebrities: the pretty, peppy cheerleader and the swaggering varsity tackle.

With commendable speed and economy, Alther divides these five young people into the three who will leave home and the two who must stay. After much comic fumbling and steamy negotiating, Jed takes Sally's virginity. She responds like any well-brought-up Southern girl in the early '60s: "She clung to his hand, seeking from his fingertips assurance that he still respected her, would protect her reputation, would eventually marry her, and would love her forever. That didn't seem like too much to ask." When her pregnancy finally occurs, Sally and Jed marry and concoct an earlier wedding date that the town's mythology can live with. Her father gives Jed a job in the mill.

Emily, Raymond and Donny wind up in New York, all seeking freedom from the constraints of the South and all baffled by the impersonality and rootlessness of the big city. They are easy touches for any groups that offer them companionship and forgiveness for the site of their births: "One of the South's inadequacies, Emily had decided, was to instill in its children the ability to listen politely while people dumped on their homeland." Donny eventually falls in with a black power cadre in Harlem. Raymond and Emily join a group of civil rights activists who dress in "sharecropper disguises." Raymond gets beaten up on a voter-registration drive in, of all places, Tennessee, and later decides that the South's bondage is caused not by racism but by Yankee capitalism. Emily leaves her unemployed radical husband and becomes a lesbian.

As she cuts back and forth between the adventures and peregrinations of her characters, Alther constructs a broad social portrait of nearly two decades of American life. She covers civil rights, Viet Nam, women's lib, the sexual revolution, radical politics and back-to-earth movements. Raised in the comfortable stasis of a small Southern town, Alther's young people are woefully and often hilariously unprepared for what life in the '60s and early '70s throws their way. What is more, the tight little community they grew up in is being rattled into unrecognizability. Outside organizers have installed a union at the cotton mill, which has passed from the hands of the Prince family and is now owned by a distant conglomerate. Even stay-at-home Sally and her lug of a husband are ruffled by newfangled ideas. Sally decides that she wants a career.

Original Sins is an old-fashioned novel in the best sense of the term. It propels singular, interesting characters through a panoramic plot. Alther takes risks that sometimes fail. She is willing to sacrifice plausibility for a comic effect, to put her characters through paces that occasionally seem dictated rather than inevitable. But such lapses are more than offset by the novel's page-turning verve and intelligence. Alther knows that no theory or ideology can account for the cussed complexities of daily life. As Emily, Raymond and the rest stumble from one ism to another, their author both mocks their blindness and applauds their determination to keep searching. She gives generously, both to her readers and to the children of her imagination.

—By Paul Gray

Excerpt

"'Miss Sally Prince, escorted by Mr. Jed Tatro.'

Sally was wearing a strapless white gown with a full ballerina-length skirt. Atop her dark blond hair was a rhinestone tiara. The carnations she had shamed Jed into sending were tied on her wrist. She was overcome with pride and had to blink back tears. This was the moment each Ingenue had been working for all year. This was the whole glorious reason for the bake sales, the car washes, the raffles. She glanced with a proprietary smile at Jed in his rented white dinner jacket. He wore a ruffled shirt, and a plaid cummerbund and bow tie. Across his chest was the purple sash that identified him as an Ingenue Escort. He was grinning at their friends, who were applauding as she and he descended the steps to *Moon River*, played by the dance band on the stage."

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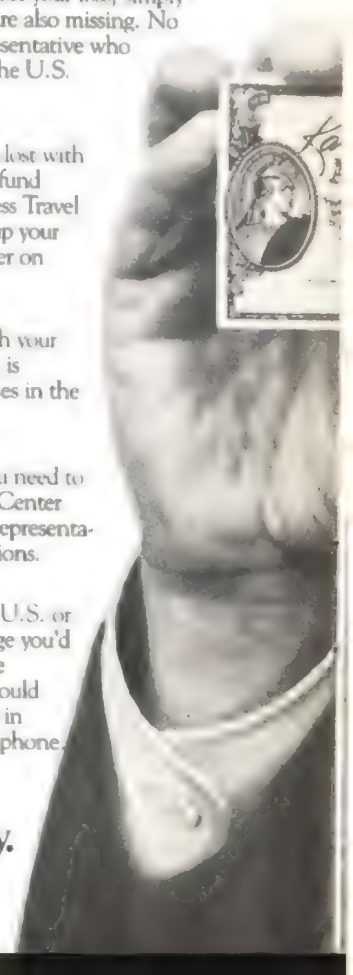

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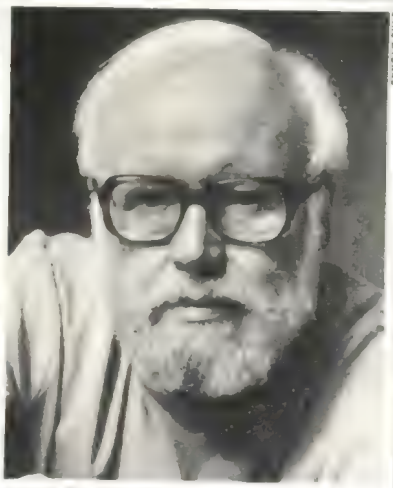


John D. MacDonald

Notable

FREE FALL IN CRIMSON
by John D. MacDonald
Harper & Row; 246 pages; $10.95

On his 19th case, "Salvage Consultant" Travis McGee is back in form. The Florida-based knight-errant exhibited signs of age in his last few outings. His likable brawn and cunning intelligence were eroded by diatribes about the deteriorating environment and the credit-card society. Fans began to worry about behavior alteration.

Their concern was premature. True, the big pale-eyed detective sometimes sounds more like Hamlet than Hammett: "You spend too much time in the wings, watching your performance," a friend comments. But once McGee starts investigating a pair of murders, he forgets his complaints long enough to provide high and exuberant entertainment. Initially, he inherits half of a sinister motorcycle shop. The other 50% is owned by an Indian girl called Mits. A renegade biker leads Travis to a drugged producer filming balloon races. On location, he narrowly escapes a mob attack on the crew—seems the technicians had been using local teenagers for a series of porno video tapes. Predictably, their leader, a villain named Dirty Bob, manages to slip through some elaborate defenses and tracks McGee to his opulent houseboat, the *Busted Flush*. The result is one of MacDonald's King Kong *vs.* Godzilla confrontations that deliver a soul-satisfying amalgam of mayhem and justice.

After his first fistfight in a year, the battered hero rubs his knuckles and reflects: "People who become legends in their own time usually have very little time left." True enough, unless they are the cream of contemporary detectives, whose ageless task is to bust the bad guys and leave the whining and complaining to lesser mortals.

XPD
by Len Deighton
Knopf; 339 pages; $12.95

By now, the Sound and the Führer are overfamiliar: an old Nazi project threatens to shake the contemporary world to its foundations. But Spy Master Len Deighton enlivens the pseudo history with some new turns, among them a face-to-face meeting between Winston Churchill and Adolf Hitler. Time: 1940. Place: a Belgian bunker. Topic: the surrender of Britain. The Prime Minister, of course, refuses in the end. But so sensitive is the clandestine rendezvous—one of the terms discussed is Nazi control of Ireland—that even two generations later, anyone who learns of it is marked for XPD—Expedient Demise. When the Führer's minutes of the affair threaten to surface, counterintelligence launches a relentless search from Hollywood to Hamburg.

Along with enough plot convolutions, murders and cliffhangers to mesmerize aficionados, Deighton slings spy jargon with knowledgeable élan. He catalogues the latest Swedish submachine gun and the *Führersonderzug*—Hitler's private train—with field-manual precision. But he has more on his mind than the blueprints of military hardware.

Throughout, Deighton has fun with the formula without compromising its believability. Hitler's former signalman, for instance, has become an East Anglia chicken farmer, in debt for 2,000 Rhode Island Reds. The directors of MI6 and BND—West German intelligence—share a passion for cactus growing, exploring ways to XPD mealy bugs. Finally, Deighton delivers a telling pronouncement. The well-heeled film producer Max Breslow, a former SS officer, notes a wall of video games in a Los Angeles pizzeria. "U-Boat Commander" and "Blitzkrieg" produce a deafening flood of electronic babble. "This was the war we won, the war that came after the war." Deighton, in top form, wins this one as well.

Len Deighton
Refreshing a formula with humor.

Leonard Michaels

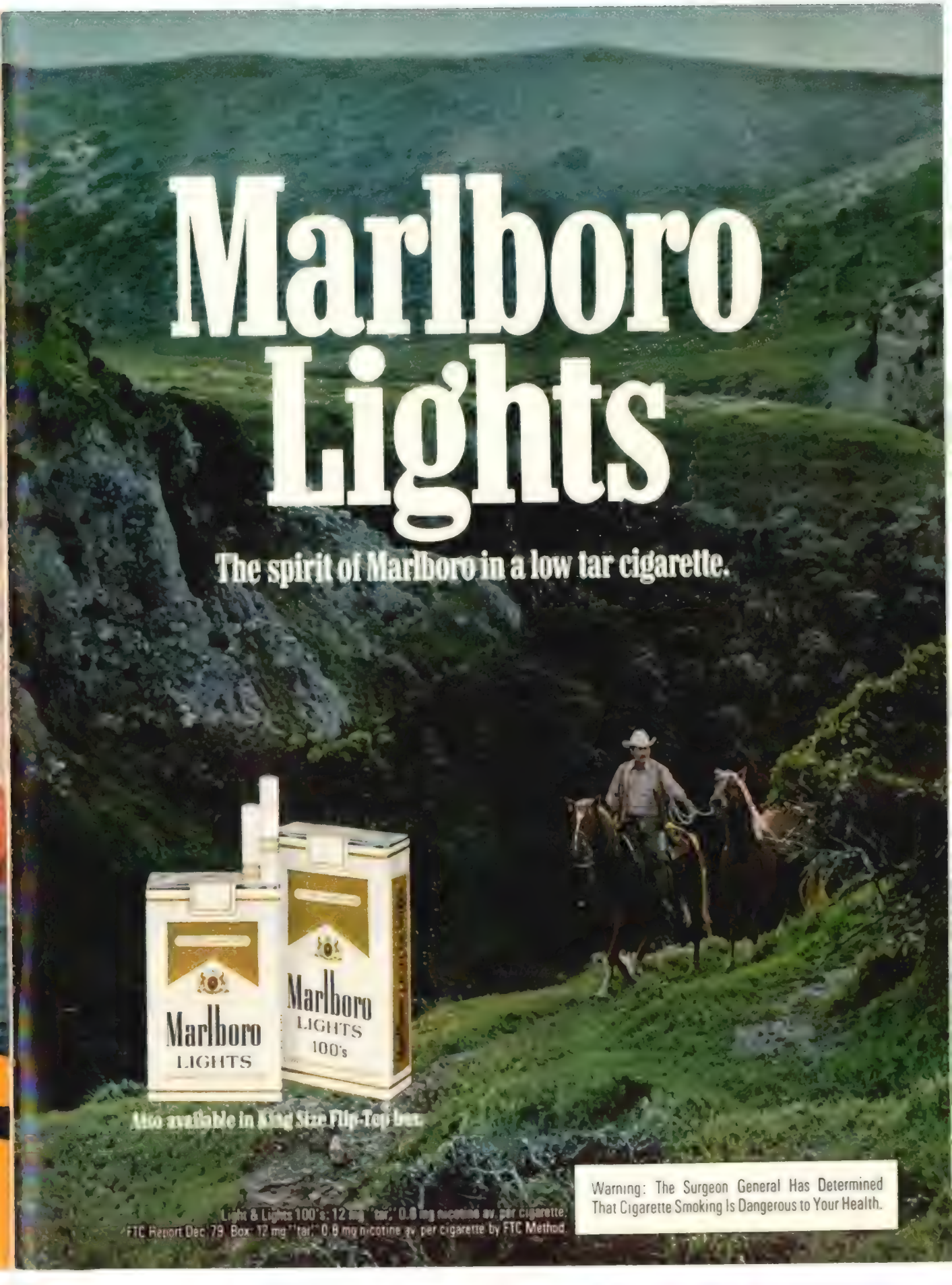
THE MEN'S CLUB
by Leonard Michaels
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
181 pages; $10.95

Leonard Michaels is a short-story writer who occupies a place between Philip Roth and Donald Barthelme in the periodic table of American prose stylists. He secures this position with a first novel that assembles a group of men to emulate a women's consciousness-raising session. In a Berkeley, Calif., living room, a basketball pro, an accountant, a doctor, a lawyer, a real estate agent, a college teacher and a psychotherapist ventilate their feelings and talk about their appetites.

Women, of course, cause the most gnawing and perplexing hungers. Yet the men scarcely begin the tales of wives and lovers when their stomachs start to rumble. The refrigerator, "our ice mother," is raided. Its contents—salads, chicken, turkey, salmon, pecan pie and chocolate cake—are devoured, though they are meant to feed the host's wife and friends.

Before the sun comes up, furniture is overturned, leftovers smeared, a door splintered by knives and the air filled with wolfish howls. The revels end on a note of Maggie and Jiggs, with the woman of the house surveying her fouled nest and beaning her husband with a pot.

Yet *The Men's Club* is not so much burlesque as carefully paced intellectual striptease. Male armor is dropped to exhibit emotional paralysis; egos wrapped in tough independence are peeled away to show a tender reliance; *Playboy* fantasies dissolve in humiliating complications. In addition, the author has an original way of derailing conventional narratives with a compact, satiric prose and ripe perceptions. "I feel you're feeling anger," says the host to his enraged wife. It is one of Michaels' many punch lines in this small marvel of modern comic irony. ■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Skylark.		Electra.	
EST HWY* EPA EST MPG		EST HWY* EPA EST MPG	
35	22	29	18

*[illegible]

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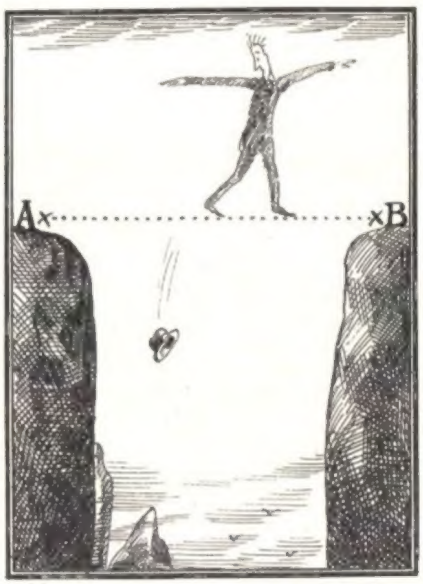
NORTHWEST ORIENT

The Importance of Being Lucky

The satirically pious story tells how a soldier's breast-pocket Bible stopped the bullet en route to his heart. Ronald Reagan had no Bible in his jacket outside the Washington Hilton several weeks ago, but some of the world idly suspected that he may have been otherwise armored—that in some obscure way he may have been protected by his own remarkable luck.

Something in Reagan has always been lucky; it has been part of his attraction, his charm, the nimbus around him. Reagan's luck has a distinctly American shine; his grin proclaims it, the confident expectation of the happy ending. That may be why the nation was drawn to him. Reagan's vehicle on the journey from Dixon, Ill., to Hollywood to the White House ran on persistence and self-knowledge, all right, but it was also propelled by a breezy admixture of the luck that the country was born with.



So, when an assassin tried to terminate Reagan's progress, his luck seemed to hold again: if the gunman's arm had been jostled even a hair, if the angle of the slug's deflection off the President's seventh rib had been minutely sharper, if the Devastator bullet had not been a dud ... Of course, one can argue it the other way: if the assassin's arm had been jostled, he might have missed Reagan entirely.

When one embarks on elaborate multiple fantasies of ifs, he enters abstract forests of luck and chance, of contingency and probability, where each speculative path opens onto a thousand new possibilities. Usually the mind penetrates only a few steps, looks nervously over its shoulder, then bolts back to the hard terrain of actuality. Luck is, by definition, mysterious, a force that may really be the clunkingly erratic, everyday version of the divine mind. Luck is God in a scatterbrained and even amoral mood, with his sense of justice out of commission. Or, agnostically, luck is the collision of the random with human biography; naturally, human intelligence resents and resists the inexplicable random, and so attributes it to imps, dybbuks, wood sprites, gods of the volcano—all the subdeities of jinx.

Invisible, otherwise undetectable, luck can be known only by its works. It is the strange, unknowable force that deposited Lana Turner in a Schwab's pharmacy 46 years ago, that placed a football in Franco Harris' hands ("the immaculate reception") at the end of the Pittsburgh-Oakland championship game in 1972, that put Carl Bernstein in the newsroom of the Washington *Post* a few hours after the police found a strange collection of characters at the Watergate. (Actually, Watergate was a regular soap opera of the fortuitous: if one of the burglars had not stupidly left tape over the latch of a rear door, the night watchman might never have discovered the caper and Congress might never have investigated and the White House tape system might never have been revealed and Richard Nixon might never have resigned.) Luck was the invisible hand that prompted Skylab to scatter its debris over Western Australia, not rush-hour Manhattan. Even transcendently foresighted NASA might admit that the space shuttle's flawless flight last week involved some luck. The luck of the universe (by one new theory) once banged an immense asteroid into the earth, raising a dust cloud so dense that it blocked off the sunlight, ruined the planet's food chain, and thereby brought on the extinction of the dinosaurs—an event that profoundly redirected evolution. It is arguable (at least agnostically for a moment) that life itself—the lightning in the sugar cube, the huge fortuities of weather and climate and chemistry, of amino acids and proteins and oxygen—emanates from sheer cosmic luck.

To call it Divine Providence would do just as well. The religious mind, with a more orderly or merely fatalistic sense of the universe, tends to ascribe to Providence (however mysterious its intentions) events that the more worldly credit to luck, good or bad. People who believe in luck aren't particularly rationalist either, however, since scientific rationalism has as much trouble dealing with luck as theology does. The best it has to offer is Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, which states that it is absolutely impossible to predict the exact behavior of atomic particles. Luck is a weird, pagan, primitive business. Or else, in modern dress, it is a frigidly heartless existentialism. In any case, whatever its occasionally whimsical moments, luck has a philosophically terrifying core.

The world has adopted two different strategies toward luck. Much of the planet for most of its history has tried to woo and conjure and appease it, longingly courting the force to draw near, to descend from the void of the random for an instant and shower fortune on some lucky head. To ward off luck's malevolent side, the infection of a curse, the evil eye, populations have danced and chanted and worked with charms. To predict its whims, they have studied omens, birds' flights, goats' entrails; they have consulted gypsies and star charts.

More "advanced" societies have forgotten the demonic language of superstition and luck, which they are inclined to call "dumb" or "blind." They often have no better explanation than primitives do for luck's strange intercessions, but they generally adopt a strategy both passive and fatalistic, a stoical mixture of rationalism and resignation to luck's works. Today it is mainly gamblers who stay on intimate and dangerous terms with luck and try to tame and possess it. Here and there, state lotteries have tried to bureaucratize luck—a dreary business and a contradiction in terms.

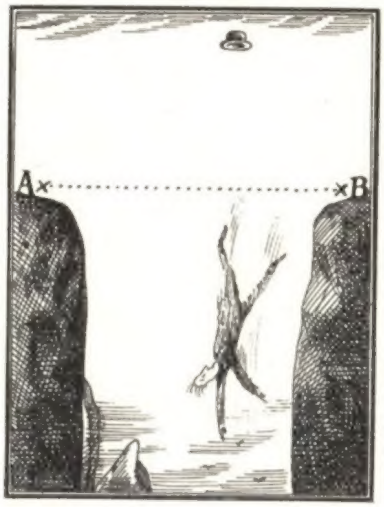
Generally, luck is something that happens to individuals. If a society or a century is considered as a whole, the random individual events that are set down to luck or fortune form more coherent overall patterns; large historical forces become discernible. But entire societies should not mock luck either. The classic Mayan civilization disappeared so strangely, so precipitously, that some massive stroke of bad luck must have been at work—a sudden plague, say, a viral riot.

Of all civilizations, America seemed the luckiest. With its vast Edenic spaces and immense natural wealth, with its extraordinary freedom from the stultifications of caste and poverty, the place seemed born in luck. Or so it appeared to the

Illustrations for TIME by Eugene Mihaesco

Essay

white Europeans who settled the continent, if not to the Indians they violently displaced or the Africans they imported in slave ships to work the plantations. Americans eventually made the mistake of describing their national luck as their "manifest destiny." In any case, America became the place where the world came to get lucky. Americans believed in the splendidly transforming powers of luck in their land. Men born in poverty made fortunes. They struck oil and gold. Hard work went into it, of course, but for a long time Americans were drunk on the luck of their sheer possibility. Foreigners bemused by America have often thought that too much good luck deprived Americans of a sense of the tragic. In the past 15 years or so, Americans have been riding a bad streak. It is possible they responded to Reagan because his smile reminded them of a time when America was lucky.



Whatever the motions of free will and necessity, Herman Melville wrote, "chance has the last featuring blow at events." Luck may be simply another name for the odd, unexpected notes in the huge symphony of things, of circumstance and coincidence, chemistry and character, diet and disease, weather and timing, the vastly subtle totality of being. But whatever the agnostics say, luck is not completely blind, or completely wild either. Within limits, it can be domesticated—although it will always be part wolf and may unexpectedly turn mad and eat the children one afternoon.

As Hector Berlioz said, "The luck of having talent is not enough; one must also have a talent for luck." Genius, in fact, may be defined as the ability to control luck. A turbulent gambler like Dostoyevsky was not overcome by the hectic fortunes of his experience, but turned them into his art. Outside the genius class, however, there is such a thing as a predisposition to good luck; it might be said on the evidence up to now that Reagan has it, while Ted Kennedy does not.

Baseball's Branch Rickey once offered a serviceable definition: "Luck is the residue of design." To be sure, luck obeys the laws of a spooky kind of antiphysics, but it responds to risk and reflexes. To some extent, it is true that people make their own luck. Given a lucky chance at the story, Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward ran hard. Good luck must have room to occur. It can be encouraged, even though its exact mechanics remain perverse and mysterious. For its part, bad luck is so eventually inevitable that it is almost a sin to be surprised by it.

"The older I grow," Philosopher Sidney Hook wrote a few years ago, "the more impressed I am with the role of luck or chance in life." The world's distribution of wealth, he pointed out, depends almost as much on luck as on energy, foresight and skill. It is only the luck of the world if one is born in the country club district of Kansas City instead of the Sahel or Bangladesh. It is the sad luck of things for a Colorado oil millionaire if his youngest child, by mishaps of the psyche, turns out to harbor some fetid, lovesick ambition to kill the President.

Surely the ultimate purpose of luck, if there is one at all, is to offer such a spectacle that men and women, besides being vastly entertained, come to recognize their common vulnerability to luck's weird and endlessly inventive impulses. Hook thinks that chastening drama might make people more charitable toward one another. Well—if we are lucky. But perhaps luck, good and bad, also has a deeper physiological purpose, programmed into the human animal in the first dawn of his intelligence: to keep the adrenaline flowing, maybe, and the brain alert to the world's epic of apprehension, terror, greed and hope. Perhaps luck is the way that life puts history into bas-relief, and differentiates moments, and people: the way that the universe punctuates time.

—By Lance Morrow

Milestones

DIED. Joe Louis, 66, the legendary "Brown Bomber" who held the World Heavyweight boxing championship for nearly twelve years; of a heart attack; in Las Vegas (*see* SPORT).

DIED. Tennyson Guyer, 67, earthy, plain-speaking minister and Representative from Ohio's Fourth District since 1973, who was known for his speeches on inspirational and patriotic topics; of a heart attack; in Alexandria, Va.

DIED. James Hagerty, 71, able, candid press secretary and influential adviser to President Dwight D. Eisenhower between 1953 and 1961, who initiated such now routine news practices as regularly scheduled face-to-face meetings between the press and the President and the admission of newsreel and television cameras to presidential press conferences; of a heart attack; in Bronxville, N.Y. A former political reporter and press secretary to New York Governor Thomas E. Dewey, Hagerty joined ABC after leaving the White House, serving as a vice president until a stroke in 1975 forced him to retire.

DIED. Ivan Galamian, 78, internationally renowned teacher of violin who in 35 years at the Juilliard School of Music taught many of today's leading violinists, including Itzhak Perlman, Pinchas Zuckerman, Kyung-wha Chung, James Buswell and Jaime Laredo; of a heart attack; in New York City. A stickler for technical detail who nevertheless encouraged each student to develop his own stylistic individuality, Galamian once said that he urged his charges "to study for the love of music, not with the hope of glory. People can get tired of glory, but not of something they love."

DIED. William Henry Vanderbilt, 79, farmer-philanthropist and sometime politician who served as Governor of Rhode Island from 1938 to 1940 and was the great-great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the 19th century railroad magnate; of cancer; in Williamstown, Mass.

DIED. Howard Thurman, 80, Baptist minister, educator and author who in 1944 left his post as a theology professor at Howard University to help found an interracial, interdenominational church in San Francisco called the Church for Fellowship of All Peoples, and whose many books on religion and race include *Deep River: An Interpretation of Negro Spirituals* (1946) and *The Creative Encounter* (1954); after a long illness; in San Francisco.

DIED. Caroline Gordon, 85, Kentucky-born novelist and critic who stringently portrayed traditional Southern life in such carefully crafted, often autobiographical books as *None Shall Look Back* (1937) and *The Malefactors* (1956); in San Cristobal de las Casas, Mexico.

DIED. Arthur Mayer, 94, Harvard-educated movie maven and entrepreneur who was a leading publicist in Hollywood's early days, then became known in the 1930s as the "Merchant of Menace" for exhibiting low-budget, moneymaking horror movies at the famous Rialto Theater in New York's Times Square and who also helped import such classic "art" films as *Open City* (1945), *Paisan* (1947) and *The Bicycle Thief* (1948); in New York City.

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